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WILHELMUS  
HOMM

OF CANTABR.  
1610.

WILHELMUS  
HOMM



S. J. Knole.  
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1870.

POEMS,  
LEGENDARY AND HISTORICAL.

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# P O E M S,

LEGENDARY AND HISTORICAL.

BY

EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M.A.,

LATE FELLOW,

AND

THE REV. GEORGE W. COX, S.C.L.,

SCHOLAR,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE present collection of poems, with perhaps a solitary exception, consists, according to its title, entirely of pieces relating to past events, and a large majority of them are cast in what is, whether rightly or wrongly, familiarly known as the ballad style. The employment of a form, which has been lately made the subject of much criticism, may demand some prefatory remarks.

It can hardly now be matter of doubt, that the present age may fairly claim to itself a superiority over all that have preceded it, in at least one branch of study, that, namely, of history in all its forms,—from the highest philosophical speculations to the minutest antiquarian research. Nor can it well be a mere accidental

coincidence, that in an age thus devoted to the study of past time, its poetry should to so great an extent have reverted to the earliest and simplest form,—so that in a condition of society the most conventional and the farthest removed from the inartificial cast of thought of earlier generations, its poetry is, in great measure, presented in the form of historical ballads, or narratives embodying, much after the manner of the earlier types, any striking event or scene, the outward action of which is presented with more or less of vividness, without any minuter analysis of inward feelings.

This reproduction of an old form of poetry has by some been ascribed to a want of originality,—on the ground that ballad poetry, as being the fittest vehicle for the expression of the mind of a rude and unreasoning age, is on that very account the kind which most admits of imitation, as it furnishes a collection of phrases applicable to almost every circumstance, and an appropriate expression for every feeling so far as it is evidenced by outward gesture,—this external por-

traiture being, in effect, all that is aimed at, and that, consequently, such composition is scarcely more than a mechanical occupation, the most necessary qualification for which is a well-stored and retentive memory.

In these objections there is doubtless a great amount of truth. Ballad poetry certainly affords more opportunity for the exercise of a merely imitative faculty than any other. It is very practicable to produce a poem which shall be a judicious fitting-in of expressions from ancient poetry, setting before us with sufficient distinctness the feeling or action suggested by the subject; nor would this be more than a piece of successful mechanism.

But we believe that the difference in this respect between the ballad and other styles of poetry is simply one of degree. Be it epic, or lyric, or any other kind, it is as possible to fall into imitation in one as in the rest,—the distinction perhaps between historical and other poetry being this, that in the latter the imitation, although it may prevail to a far greater extent,

is unconscious, and also less apparent,—whole ideas or even successive trains of thought being oftentimes borrowed, with only a change of diction sufficient to disguise them. In the other, an epithet or an expression may be transferred unaltered from one writer to another, without any affectation or desire of concealment. In such instances, a whole phrase may be regarded as one word, expressive of some notion inseparable from the subject spoken of, as the epithets (for example) of the Homeric heroes, or the employment of the same words in all cases to express a particular feeling,—and this, moreover, as occurring not in one author only, many expressions and even lines being found unchanged in Hesiod and in Homer. All these must have had their several sources; yet they become, as it were, the property of all; and the more or less frequent adoption of them can hardly be allowed to stamp a poem as an imitation; the charge, if it is to stand, must be substantiated on other grounds. It seems indeed almost impossible in subjects of this character (putting aside the

occasional conscious employment of an expression belonging to another writer) to avoid some coincidences of a few or more words with others when describing similar events or thoughts, an occurrence especially likely in a piece descriptive of facts ; for an historical poem, it seems, must be of this kind (that is, a narration of facts by a lively depicting of the gestures and acts of all concerned, as well as of the scene of action), or it must take the form of words put into the mouth of an historical character, or of an expression of the personal thoughts and feelings of the writer regarding those of whom he is speaking ; wherein there may manifestly be far more of approximation to the styles which are not considered imitative, and a much closer analysis of thoughts and emotions may be permitted than in the other. And, possibly, the narrations which are simply historical, assume the ballad form, not so much from any imitation conscious or otherwise, as from the suitableness of this form to the subject. The one leads naturally to the other ; and a writer might fall

into it, who possessed but very slight acquaintance with the earlier specimens of national poetry. So that we may fairly venture to claim for such historical poems as much freedom from imitation as for poems of a totally different character. They may all be purely imitative: but they cannot be proved so to be by the mere stating that they are ballad, or lyrie, or of any other kind: the charge can with equal facility be brought against all, the only difference being that the supposed imitation is more apparent in one of them, inasmuch as we are generally more disposed to mark the resemblance of words than of ideas. The only exception can be, when any one originates a style wholly his own. How far this is possible in our time, or desirable, is matter of question.

But, on looking closer, this charge of imitation against ballad poetry appears two-fold; sometimes that it is the adoption of an ancient form unsuited to our own times; sometimes that it is an imitation of modern writers in the same style, Macaulay, for instance. With regard to this

latter charge we believe that, unless in the exceptional case just mentioned, it is hardly possible to compose either poetry or prose without some admired author supplying the general model ; but we doubt whether this remark is more applicable to one species of composition than another. Macaulay may, to a certain extent, have suggested the general form of these poems, after the same manner that Milton, Byron, Southey, or any other poet, might suggest the general form of other compositions, which would be allowed to stand or fall by their own merits, and not be at once set down as imitative, on the ground merely of their form. And, with regard to imitation of ancient models, we can safely say that in our own case we have not intentionally practised it.

But, in many instances, the charge of imitation is combined with another, viz., that a modern ballad is, after all, very unlike what it is said to imitate. The fact is, that it neither could be, nor is intended to be, otherwise. The case we believe to be this :—the two styles

agree in the one common character of vivid narrative, which cannot be called peculiar to any age or country, and for which the ancient ballad has provided the most appropriate outward form. But further than this no imitation or resemblance need exist. The earlier ballad poetry of a nation is always contemporary, or nearly so, with the facts narrated. The modern poet will combine with his narrative the aspect in which past ages appear to us at the present day, in the same way that the more formal historian, with his totally different view, might still resort for the general model in his actual narrative to the inimitable forms with which Livy has clothed the blind and unreflecting credulity of an earlier age.

We could enlarge much more on these subjects ; but a formal essay on ballad poetry would be quite out of place. All we here wish is to vindicate the claim of our compositions to stand or fall by their own merits or defects, possibly as being really imitative or the contrary, but not to be prejudged as having want of

originality stamped on their very form. In all those which are chiefly narrative, the ballad type may be discerned; but we have adhered to it, or deviated from it with the same freedom as we should use in any other kind of composition, and without any greater consciousness of imitation.

In accordance with what we before said of narrative poems, we have frequently repeated our own expressions in the same or different pieces, whenever it seemed desirable; and in some instances we shall be found to have borrowed each from the other; and with this mention of them, we have thought it needless to specify them severally where they occur. In the same way, although much more rarely, an expression has occasionally been transferred unchanged from another author; and such an adoption, undisguised, of phrases which may now be regarded as the recognized mode of expressing certain thoughts, seems at the same time as high a tribute as it is in our power to pay to another writer. One poem\* there is,

\* *Recollections of Childhood.*

which can scarcely be called either legendary or historical, except in so far as one or two historical associations are incidentally introduced into it. In another\*, though put into the mouth of an historical character, there is no narrative, nor any approximation to the ballad form ; and we may perhaps be allowed to say that we have not felt conscious of any greater or less degree of originality in these than in others which might seem to be formed more closely after an earlier model.

The poems entitled “The Meed of Heroes,” and “King Harold’s Funeral,” have already appeared in a volume of “Original Ballads, by Living Authors,” and in part the “Legend of the Alhambra,” but the last two portions, as they now stand, are entirely different.

E. A. F.

G. W. C.

*Oaklands, Dursley,  
August 28. 1850.*

\* Harold and Edith.

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SONGS OF GREECE.

B



# SONGS OF GREECE.

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## POSEIDON AND ATHENA.

THE main story, a versification of which is here attempted, the author would fain hope will sufficiently speak for itself. The minuter mythological and historical allusions must share the fate of all such: to the scholar, explanation would be superfluous; to others, very superficial.

It is hardly necessary to point out that the 19th stanza expresses only the popular Athenian notion of the act of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, without entering into the historical question connected with it, much less into the morality of their proceedings.

### 1.

THE Gods are taking counsel upon earth.

Hard by Cephisus' stream

Twelve golden thrones, twelve golden footstools gleam  
Pitched for the deathless powers of Cronian birth.

There, high above them all,  
Is he who holds the world in thrall,  
    The might of Zeus most high.  
His brow is smooth, his voice is bland,  
No lightnings sparkle in his hand,  
Yet speaks there fate in his command,  
And Gods might tremble at his stedfast eye.

Close at his side  
Is throned, in matron's seemly pride,  
    His sister and his queen.  
Eight Gods are sitting round,  
All in their glory crowned,  
On thrones of brightest sheen.

## 2.

There is he, the pure, the bright ;  
Lord of vengeance, lord of light ;  
He who loves on earth to dwell  
With the men who please him well ;  
Him that keeps his hands from wrong,  
Him that twines the wreath of song :  
Yet hath he his silver bow,  
Strung to lay the proud ones low,  
Who shall scorn his word divine,  
Or shall rob his holy shrine.

## 3.

By his side his sister fair,  
She who loves the mountain air,  
She who speedeth fast and free  
With her kirtle to her knee,  
O'er her back her quiver swung,  
And her bow for pastime strung :  
She who flees the busy throng  
And the voice of bridal song,  
But, from cities far away,  
Loves with all her nymphs to play,  
By Eurotas' fragrant rills,  
Maiden of the Dorian hills.

## 4.

There sat the powers of fire,  
The God who sprang to life without a sire,  
    The strong Hephaestus hight ;  
And Hestia too, who guards the hearth of home.  
And he who from high heaven's all-gleaming dome  
    Oft springs to earth with pennons light,  
    To work his father's high behest,  
    Or dwell with man a welcome guest,  
Hermeias ever gay and ever bright.

There, too, the mother grave and mild,  
Who sought so long her ravished child ;  
•      Back from her queenly brow  
The wreath of poppies binds her yellow hair ;  
    The kindly power that gave the plough,  
    And bade the wild and barren lands  
    Yield to the toil of mortal hands  
The crown of golden ears that wave so rich and fair.

## 5.

There amid the deathless train  
Sat the lawless lovers twain ;  
Aphrodite with the smile  
That can sternest hearts beguile ;  
Ares with the brow of fear  
Softened as he feels her near :  
She the fairest power above,  
Queen of laughter and of love ;  
She, against whose silken chain  
Gods and men may strive in vain ;  
She who loves the dance and song  
With the Graces' sportive throng :  
He, who better loves to hear  
Crash of car and clang of spear ;

He who joys to count the slain,  
Reeking on the battle-plain ;  
Yet he doffs his helm of pride,  
Tears his falchion from his side,  
As his bosom, wounded sore,  
Recks of warfare now no more  
Till the snowy arm he feels  
Which around him gently steals,  
And may taste in many a kiss  
More than conquest gives of bliss.

## 6.

The Gods are taking counsel upon earth.  
But wherefore have they left their seats on high ?  
Why show they thus to them of mortal birth  
The pomp of all their deathless majesty ?  
And wherefore empty stand  
Two burnished thrones on either hand ?  
Why sitteth not his brother by  
The next in pride and power,  
Who far away from Gods' and mortals' eye  
Hath fixed his royal bower ?  
Who loves as deep as deep may be  
To dwell beneath the wine-dark sea ;

Enthroned in halls wherein the rising day  
No lustre kindles with its new-born ray ;  
Nor may the moon-beam ever fall  
In silver on his palace wall ;  
But gems that mortal eye hath never seen  
Glow from the purple walls in brighter sheen ;  
In living glory beaming  
Their rays around are streaming,  
Where shells that earth hath never known  
Shed back their splendour from his gorgeous throne,  
Where coral groves their branches twine around,  
A canopy of state for him that shakes the ground.

## 7.

And where is she, the blue-eyed maid,  
In garb of combat fast arrayed ;  
Who still in peaceful hall or battle-field  
Spreads o'er the wise her guardian shield ;  
She who doth her counsel give  
Well to rule and well to live ;  
And loves to hold her stedfast aegis near  
Where Ares in his wrath hath couched his tameless  
spear ?

## 8.

The Gods are taking counsel upon earth ;  
Each deathless power is choosing for his own,  
Among the homes of them of mortal birth,  
A realm wherein to fix his hearth and throne.  
From proud Mycenæ's spacious streets  
Undying prayer the ear of Hera meets ;  
Phœbus and his sister fair  
Joy to breathe the Delian air ;  
Aphrodite far away  
Loves in Paphian bowers to play.  
But beside Cephisus' stream  
Doth a prouder city gleam,  
Sprung to new-born life and power  
In a bright and happy hour :  
Who shall claim her for his own ?  
Who shall fix his hearth and throne  
In the land so bright and fair,  
Beyond Apollo's home and Hera's queenly care ?

## 9.

Now before the deathless train  
Stand the mighty rivals twain.  
Bounding o'er the waves afar  
Came Poseidon's glittering car ;

One strong hand with well-cut rein  
Guides the horses of the main,  
While the other, high in air,  
Doth the lordly trident bear.  
As he hastens on his way,  
All around the dolphins play ;  
All the monsters of the deep  
On his wheels attendance keep ;  
Foaming seas are smoothed before him,  
Isles and shivered rocks adore him ;  
Rivers check their subject waves,  
Nereids hasten from their caves ;  
All to hail their monarch throng,  
Raising high their joyous song,  
With a wild and wondrous sound,  
To the God that shakes the ground.

## 10.

Swift athwart the sultry air  
Came the blue-eyed maiden fair ;  
She hath yoked the goodly steeds  
Which the land of Atlas breeds ;  
Bounding o'er the Libyan plain  
To the cliffs that guard the main ;

Then the clouds that float on high  
Joy to bear her through the sky.  
Not the shafts of Phœbus' bow  
Straighter to their mark can go,  
Not Hermeias' pinions twain  
Swifter cleave the heavenly plain.  
Forward drops each silken fold,  
While she grasps the reins of gold,  
And the ægis floats behind,  
Streaming in the balmy wind.  
Onward press the goodly steeds,  
Hill nor flood their course impedes ;  
On they hasten, on they fly,  
Over earth, and sea, and sky ;  
Nor may stop their thirst to slake,  
From the blue Tritonian lake,  
To the burnished thrones that gleam  
Fast beside Cephisus' stream.

## 11.

Now whose shall be the city  
Of those strong rivals twain ?  
All on their seats of judgment  
Are set the deathless train.

Then spake the gay Hermeias,  
His voice like trumpet clear :  
“ Now listen, Gods and Goddesses,  
The will of Zeus to hear.  
To claim the new-born city  
Two rival powers are found,  
The blue-eyed Athenæa  
And he that shakes the ground.  
Whoe'er the better boon shall give  
To them of mortal birth,  
Shall reign within that goodly town,  
The joy of all the earth.  
If King Poseidon now to men  
The better boon shall give,  
Then Poseidonia's name of pride  
To endless years shall live ;  
But if the gift Athena brings  
The goodlier shall be found,  
Then the name of glorious Athens  
Shall earth and heaven resound.”

## 12.

Then arose the King Poscidon,  
High he waved his stout right hand,

Full he smote his gleaming trident  
On the hard and rocky land.  
Like the crash of falling mountains  
Echoed far the shivered rock,  
And a mighty gulf was yawning,  
Cleft beneath the trident's shock.  
Forth then came a gallant charger,  
Bounding from the riven stone ;  
Never sure did mortal ruler  
Boast such charger for his own.  
O'er his goodly brow and shoulders  
Did his mane in tresses flow,  
Every hair on all his body  
Was as white as Scythian snow.  
Proudly gazed he all around him,  
Proudly pawed the trembling ground,  
Then he dashed towards the meadow  
With a free and gladsome bound ;  
Wildly streaming in the breezes  
Mane and tail like lightning play,  
Clearer than Tyrsenian trumpet  
Was his loud and joyous neigh.  
Thus in new-born life he revelled,  
Thus he bounded off afar ;  
Never shall a mortal master  
Bend his neck beneath his car.

## 13.

The blessed Gods are cheering loud,  
Poseidon's gift to see ;  
What boon can Athenea bring  
That shall more precious be ?  
The Goddess rises from her throne,  
And gaily looks around :  
“ Methinks I have a better gift  
Than he that shakes the ground.  
His tells of blood and slaughter,  
When through the ranks of war  
The courser draws with eager bound  
The hero's gleaming car.  
But mine shall tell of peace and love,  
Doffed helm and sheathéd sword,  
Of sturdy limb and cheerful face,  
Of home and festive board.  
The better gift to mortal men  
Athena's shall be found,  
And the name of glorious Athens  
Shall earth and heaven resound.”

## 14.

She planted straight a little seed  
Hard by the cloven ground ;

Then sat once more upon her throne,  
And gaily looked around.  
The little seed has taken root,  
The tender sprouts are seen,  
And every sprout is budding fast  
With leaves of darkest green.  
The blessed Gods are marvelling  
The wondrous sight to see,  
How from the hard and rocky land  
Hath sprung that goodly tree ;  
The tree that tells of peace and love,  
Doffed helm and sheathéd sword,  
Of sturdy limb and cheerful face,  
Of home and festive board.  
Then spake aloud the blessed Gods,  
They spake with one accord :  
“ A better gift Athena brings  
Than Ægæ’s dark-haired lord :  
The olive-branch of golden peace  
Is goodlier boon by far,  
Than is the steed that loves to bend  
Before the warrior’s car.  
Be hers the new-born city,  
Be hers the chosen ground,  
And the name of glorious Athens  
Let earth and heaven resound.”

## 15.

Then, spear in hand, and helm on head,  
And ægis o'er her shoulders spread,  
The Goddess left her throne ;  
She looked upon her chosen land,  
She o'er it waved her guardian hand,  
And hailed it for her own.

## 16.

“ And thou art mine, thou fair and goodly land ;  
In other soils let richer harvests grow,  
In other realms let men of stouter hand  
With spear and buckler stem the charging foe ;  
Yet shall the town that joys in my command  
The yoke of baser ruler never know :  
Thine be the arts that glad the wise and free,  
And thine the dashing oars that curb the vassal sea.

## 17.

“ The dark-haired king that may not be thy lord  
His rod of empire to thy will shall yield ;  
The mother mild shall to thy sons accord  
A better gift than Egypt's fruitful field,

Those mystic rites which, even in realms abhorred  
Of gods and men, her faithful servants shield ;  
While Phœbus' self shall in thy marble live,  
And joy of choral songs shall Dionysus give.

## 18.

“ Thou, too, thou goodly tree ; the foeman’s steel  
Shall harm thee not : amid the wasting flame  
Of barbarous war, the pledge of Athens’ weal  
Unscathed shall live ; while foes of Grecian name  
Shall fear to rend Athena’s guardian seal :  
Yea, in thy shade shall chiefs of holier fame  
Build up a realm for me that may not die,  
And gild the chosen shrine of wisdom’s majesty.

## 19.

“ Land of the free ! thy heart shall never bow  
To earthly lord ; before my dearest shrine  
I see a mortal bend his haughty brow  
Who dares to claim the empire that is mine.  
Vain man ! all wreathed within the myrtle-bough  
Thou dost not see the patriot dagger shine ;  
Thou dost not see the hand that guides the steel  
Which Athenæa whets for injured Athens’ weal.

## 20.

“ In vain shall he to whom the nations bend,  
From Hæmus’ peaks of everlasting snow  
To India’s burning shores, against thee send  
The garb of dread, the charger, and the bow ;  
My voice shall in thy councils still attend,  
My arm shall guide thy spear against the foe,  
My hand shall twine the crown for them who won,  
Who won the field of fields, the field of Marathon.

## 21.

“ In vain in freedom’s home the despot’s slave  
Shall spread the purple couch of revelry ;  
The Mede may trample upon Codrus’ grave,  
And hearth and shrine in blackened ruin lie :  
Yet tames he not the spirits of the brave ;  
Walls are not cities ; to your home ye fly,  
Ye have a guard that may not fail or flee,  
Your home is the black ship, your realm the subject sea.

## 22.

“ Land of the free ! I see your ruler stand,  
The prince of all your hearts ; upon his brow  
No diadem is bound, his good right hand  
No sceptre bears, no slaves around him bow :

He needs no foreign spearman's hireling band,  
For his the power that despot may not know,  
His is the kingly sway of deathless mind,  
The honey-flowing speech that heart and soul doth bind.

## 23.

“ Land of the wise ! I see thee conquered lie,  
As others deem ; no subject islands bend  
At Athens' name ; no spirits swelling high  
With freedom's love the master-voice attend ;  
Crushed to the ground is all thy majesty :  
Yet doth the world to thee its homage send ;  
Thine is the empire still that aye must live  
While poet's voice hath charms, or art can glory give.

## 24.

“ Thou art in thrall,—yet all who would be free  
From thee must learn of freedom's earliest day ;  
Thy voice is hushed,—yet all must seek from thee  
The magic words that freeborn spirits sway ;  
Thou art all dark,—yet prophet eye can see  
Far lands enkindled by thy borrowed ray,  
Till realms of which thy great ones never heard  
Walk in thy darkened light, obey thy voiceless word.

## 25.

“ Then who shall mourn thy ramparts crumbling low,  
Thy havens now with tribute rich no more ?  
Thou art unscathed, though each barbarian foe  
Shall o'er thy ruins wake the battle's roar.  
Let time and man thy temples overthrow,  
And with their relics strew thy conquered shore,  
Yet have I not thy mountains loved in vain ;  
Where'er thy name is named, Athena still shall reign.”

E. A. F.

## THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

THE following lines are not intended as a translation of the story of the parting of Hector and Andromache as told in Homer's Iliad. But all the details are closely taken from it; in some instances the thoughts have been suggested by it, and in a few others the expressions also have been adopted. It is hoped that it may serve in some degree, however faint, to show in an English form that which is perhaps the most touching portion of the greatest of all human poems.

### 1.

“LURE me not to tarry longer,  
Helen of the golden wile,—  
For thy words, as honey flowing,  
Never can my heart beguile.  
Yet one hour, and in the battle  
Dardan and Achæan meet;  
Thou mayst hear the tramp of warriors  
Marching through each crowded street.

## 2.

“ Vain is all thy witching fondness,  
Helen of the golden wile ;  
I must hasten, ere the battle,  
To my home a little while :  
Yet before the strife awakens,  
I must greet my bride again ;  
For I know not whether living  
I shall leave the battle plain.”

## 3.

From the golden halls of Paris,  
Where the Spartan Helen lay,  
To his home with eager longing  
Hector sped upon his way.  
Empty was the bridal chamber,  
Desolate was bower and hall ;  
And her loved and gentle accents  
Gave not answer to his call.

## 4.

“ Tell me, maidens, to the temple  
Hath she hastened hence to pray  
That the might of dread Athena  
Shield the Dardan in the fray ? ” —

“ Not unto Athena’s temple,  
 Soothly speaking, hath she gone ;  
 But to Ilion’s loftiest rampart  
 Went she at the early dawn.

## 5.

“ For she heard the sounds of warning  
 And the summons to the fight,  
 And they said the Trojan phalanx  
 Quailed before the Achæan might.” —  
 From his home, with dark foreboding,  
 Sped he forth to Ilion’s tower,  
 Whence was seen, spread out beneath them,  
 All the Argives’ leaguering power.

## 6.

Through the streets the suppliants hurried,  
 Thronging to Athena’s shrine,  
 That the Dardan in the battle  
 Might receive her aid divine.  
 All unheeding passed the warrior ;  
 Nought was there his glance to stay :  
 To the Scaean gate he hastened,  
 Whence they sally for the fray.

## 7.

There he gazed with eager glances,  
Hector of the waving plume;  
And his brow with care was wrinkled,  
And his eye was dark with gloom.  
But, anon, with flowing garment,  
Lo ! a form he hath descried :  
It is she, Eetion's daughter,—  
It is she, his white-armed bride.

## 8.

Joyously she came towards him  
With a quick and eager pace ;  
Yet upon her sunny forehead  
Lingered sorrow's darker trace.  
Trembling at the trumpet's bidding  
To Sigæum's battle-field,  
Thus unto her lord she hasteth,  
Hector of the brazen shield.

## 9.

Pale she comes with grief and watching,  
While, behind, a maiden bears  
In her arms her tender infant,  
Solace sweet in all her cares.

With unconscious smile reposing,  
Like some softly gleaming star,  
Lay the darling of his father,  
Mightiest of his race in war.

## 10.

Smiling fondly on the infant,  
Never yet a word he spake :  
But his bride looked on a moment,  
And the mournful silencee brake.  
Raising then his hand she kissed it,  
And she called him by his name ;  
But her voice had lost its gladness,  
Though its music was the same.

## 11.

“ Thine own heart will work thy ruin,  
For thou wilt not pity more  
All thine infant’s voiceless pleading,  
All my sorrow long and sore.  
Thou wilt meet the sons of Hellas,  
Thou wilt face the treacherous foe,—  
If thou in the strife be smitten,  
Better death should lay me low.

## 12.

“ Other hopes remain no longer ;  
All I loved of old are dead :  
By the hand of swift Achilles  
Was my father’s life-blood shed.  
Yet he robbed not lance or buckler,  
But, all mailéd as he died,  
On a funeral pyre he placed him,  
With his good sword by his side.

## 13.

“ Round his grave the mountain maidens  
Planted many a clustering pine,  
Where he sleeps, the last and bravest  
Of Cilicia’s kingly line.  
All his sons, right brave and noble,  
To Pelides fell a prey, —  
Seven, to soothe the gods of Hellas,  
Slaughtered in one bloody day.

## 14.

“ But the love of sire and brother,  
Hector, I have found in thee :  
What avails it, if I may not  
Wake thy pity too for me ?

Stay on this embattled turret,  
Leave me not amidst my woe,—  
Surely thou wilt not forsake me  
For the gathering strife below.

## 15.

“ Place thy hosts beside the fig-tree,  
Where the shattered walls, they say,  
Least can stay the Argive armies  
When they thunder in the fray.  
Ever there is fiercest onset,—  
Ever there their numbers swell :  
But from whom this counsel cometh, —  
Heaven or man,—I cannot tell.”

## 16.

Gently then he spake, and softly,  
Hector of the brazen shield :  
“ Ev’n with thee I may not linger,  
Shrinking from the battle-field, —  
Not because my blood is fevered  
With a quenchless thirst for fame,  
For the sons of Danaus tremble  
At the sound of Hector’s name.

## 17.

“ I have aye been first in battle,  
As my father was, they tell :  
But far other thoughts, and deeper,  
Now within my bosom swell.  
For the destined day is coming,  
When the sacred walls of Troy,  
Mid the crash of war, shall echo  
To the foeman’s shout of joy.

## 18.

“ Yet not all Troy’s countless people  
May receive my chiefest care ;  
Not this day for aged Priam  
Do I breathe my fondest prayer :  
Nor for all my mother’s sorrow,  
Is this bitterness of woe ;  
Nor for all my gallant brethren  
Who shall fall beneath the foe.

## 19.

“ Only now for thee, my loved one !  
Is my grief thus great and sore,  
For a weary lot awaits thee  
When my mortal toil is o’er.

Soon shall murder, lust, and pillage,  
Stalk through Ilion hand-in-hand,  
And the Argive robber lead thee  
Captive to the Apian land.

## 20.

“ There, for hard un pitying masters,  
Thou wilt toil in menial guise,  
While the thoughts of bliss departed  
Call the teardrops to thine eyes.  
And it may be they will ask thee,  
‘ Where is all thine ancient fame,  
When the sons of Danaus trembled  
At the sound of Hector’s name ? ’

## 21.

“ All thy grief shall pass unheeded,  
And thy thoughts will turn to me,  
How of old my love did guard thee,  
And thy heart was glad and free.  
But within the grave’s dark chambers  
Mine will be a dreamless sleep,  
Where thy cry can never reach me,  
And I ne’er shall see thee weep.”

## 22.

To the babe drew nigh the warrior,  
Hector of the brazen crest ;  
But he turn'd from him affrighted,  
Nestling in his nurse's breast, —  
For his father's form he knew not,  
Mid the brazen armour's gleam,  
Nodding plume and burnished helmet,  
Blazing in the noonday beam.

## 23.

From his brow the warrior, smiling,  
On the ground his helmet threw ;  
And, as there it lay so glist'ning,  
Then the child his father knew.  
And he took that babe so tender,  
Gazing soft with laughing eye,  
Blessings rich for him entreating  
From the Gods that dwell on high :

## 24.

“ Zeus ! and all ye powers immortal,  
Guard my child from fraud and wrong,  
That he rule o'er ancient Ilion,  
Brave of soul, of purpose strong.

May they greet him ever mightier  
In the battle than his sire,  
And his deeds a holy gladness  
In his mother's heart inspire ! ”

## 25.

In her arms he placed the infant ; —  
Gently, and with tearful smile,  
To her heaving breast she pressed him,  
With a saddened heart the while.  
Sadder still, as thickly coursing  
To her eyes the teardrops came,  
With a fond embrace he kissed her,  
And he called her by her name.

## 26.

“ Let not now thy heart, my loved one,  
Be too heavy with thy woe,  
For until the destined moment  
None shall ever lay me low.  
But I now must bend me onward,  
Though with thee I fain would dwell,  
Lingered on the words of parting,  
Ere I say the last farewell.”

## 27.

On his brow the helm is gleaming,  
And the plume is waving high :  
To her home his loved one wendeth,  
Gazing back with straining eye,  
If, amid the throng of warriors,  
Hector's plume she yet may know ; —  
All in vain,— her eyes are clouded,  
Thick and fast the teardrops flow.

## 28.

Sad at heart she reached her dwelling,  
And she called her maidens round :  
All throughout those golden chambers,  
Mirth and song no more resound.  
But the voice of stifled anguish  
Rises fitfully and low ;  
And their eyes are dimmed with sorrow,  
And their hearts weighed down by woe.

## 29.

Echoes long the sound of weeping  
Through the chieftain's festal hall ;  
All his trophies, hung around them,  
Seem as tokens of his fall.

Well they deem he hath departed  
To his latest battle-field,  
Mightiest of the sons of Priam,  
Hector of the brazen shield.

G. W. C.

## OTHRYADES.

THE story of Othryades is familiar to every student of early Greek history. But as it appears from the statement of Herodotus, that part at least of the story was not told with absolute certainty in his time, the writer has had less scruple in deviating somewhat from his narrative. As told by him, out of the three hundred Argives and three hundred Spartans who were appointed to decide by battle a dispute between the two cities for the border territory of Thyrea, Othryades remained alone of the Spartans, and spoiled the enemy's dead, as here related; while two Argives, named Alcenor and Chromius, survived and went to Argos with tidings of victory. Afterwards, when parties came from both cities to the place of combat, each asserted the victory to belong to their own party; the Argives, because a greater number of them had survived; the Spartans, because their champion had kept possession of the field, and spoiled the Argive dead. A general battle ensued in which the Argives were worsted. The suicide of Othryades is mentioned by the historian as a report.

## I.

THE Sun-God's orb hath sunk to rest  
Beyond the western main,  
While a lonely man is keeping watch  
Upon a battle-plain;

There is a helmet on his brow,  
A spear is in his hand,  
He standeth like the sentinel  
To guard a sleeping band.

## 2.

Right valiant men around him  
Are gathered far and near,  
But yet no voice of mortal man  
May strike the warder's ear ;  
There is no sound of revelry,  
No sound of hymn nor prayer,  
No sleeper draws his heavy breath  
Beneath the midnight air.

## 3.

The hum of man is hushed below,  
The heavens above are still,  
And Zeus himself is taking rest  
Upon his holy hill.  
But the lonely man still keepeth watch,  
Nor sound is in his ear,  
Save the night-raven's flapping wings,  
And the night-wolf's howl of fear.

## 4.

Two hosts upon that battle-plain  
At dawn of day were set,  
And he alone is living man  
Of all that there had met.  
The day is passed, the night hath come,  
The work of death is done;  
He counteth over friend and foe,  
Six hundred all save one.

## 5.

Three hundred men had Argos sent  
To guard her ancient cause,  
Three hundred came to do the hest  
Of Sparta's holy laws.  
But Argos hath no champion now,  
The bloody game is done,  
Othryades is left alone  
To tell how Sparta won.

## 6.

Two hundred men and ninety-nine  
All in their armour lie,  
Smoothed down is every lifeless limb,  
And closed each darkened eye;

Three hundred men are heaped around,  
With bodies stark and bare,  
Their limbs have stiffened as they fell,  
Unclosed their eyeballs glare.

## 7.

And in the midst his trophy  
The lonely victor rears,  
Three hundred Argive panoplies,  
Three hundred Argive spears ;  
He pours his lonely paeon,  
To heaven he lifts his eyes,  
And straight to Zeus the Saviour  
He consecrates the prize.

## 8.

The rite is done, and once again  
He walks through all the plain,  
And once again of friend and foe  
He counteth o'er the slain ;  
A tear was in the Spartan's eye,  
A sigh was on his breath,  
As he saw his brethren lying there,  
So beautiful in death.

## 9.

“ And I alone am living man,  
Alone of friend and foe ;  
I must not see the home again  
Where these may never go ;  
My fate was ever linked with theirs,  
Let weal or woe betide,  
Nor am I better man than they  
Who battled at my side.”

## 10.

Straight from his belt the sword he drew,  
His farewell prayer he prayed,  
Firm in the earth he fixed the hilt,  
He fell upon the blade.  
So now two hosts are perished all,  
The bloody game is done ;  
But he left his trophy standing,  
To tell how Sparta won.

## THE MEED OF HEROES.

THIS poem must be considered as a hymn sung in the worship of the warriors who fell at Marathon, and who received heroic honours. The last stanza would fix its supposed date to the time of the Peloponnesian war. The Pindaric allusions hardly need to be pointed out.

## 1.

AWAKE, ye sons of Marathon,  
 Day yokes her golden car ;  
 Her milk-white steeds are chasing  
 The gloom of Night afar.  
 The rosy-fingered Morning  
 Hath lit the dark-blue wave,  
 And pours her gentle brightness  
 Upon the heroes' grave :  
 The grave which is our altar,  
 Where we this morn must pray,  
 And to the fallen heroes  
 Our richest offerings pay.

## 2.

Bring hither the dark victims  
Unto the shades below;  
Dig deep the trench around the tomb,  
Where the dark blood may flow ;  
And strike with glee the golden harp,  
And sing their glorious deeds  
Who vanquished on this blessed ground  
The quiver-bearing Medes.  
While still the blue *Ægæan* keeps  
The birth-place of the free ;  
While Athens' triremes proudly float  
Far o'er the vanquished sea ;  
While still the Median Bowman  
Quakes at the Grecian spear ;  
Still shall the fallen heroes  
Be worshipped year by year.

## 3.

Soft sweeps the blue *Ægæan*  
Around the heroes' grave,  
Soft sweeps the breeze of morning-land  
Where rest the fallen brave ;  
The mountains bend in homage,  
The trees wave soft in awe,

Over their graves who perished  
For freedom and for law.  
But in the gloom of midnight,  
When all beside is still,  
Then doth the cry of battle  
Float back from every hill ;  
Then rise the shadowy warriors,  
And meet again in fight :  
But none may see their faces,  
Nor harness gleaming bright.  
Yet ever on the breezes  
The shouts of war are borne ;  
The clashing of their weapons,  
The blast of flute and horn,  
The clang of shivering harness,  
The neigh of gallant steeds ;  
As meet the Grecian spearmen  
And quiver-bearing Medes.

## 4.

Look to yon two fair pillars  
That crown the grassy mound,  
Carved with their names whose purple blood  
Hath dyed this holy ground ;

One for the sons of Athens,  
    One for each true ally,  
Who dared for faith and freedom  
    In glorious fight to die.  
There sleeps Callimachus the brave,  
    The chieftain of the fray,  
And Cynægeirus, whose right hand  
    The foeman lopped away.  
And he too of the ploughshare  
    Dwelleth in glory here,  
The hero Echetlæus,  
    Whom we worship year by year :  
He came amid the battle,  
    He came against the foe,  
And with his wondrous ploughshare  
    Laid many a stranger low.  
But none before the battle  
    E'er marked that warrior's mien ;  
And when the fight was over,  
    He never more was seen ;  
And Pytho's prophet bade us  
    To give him feast and prayer,  
And deem him last of heroes  
    Who deathless worship share.

## 5.

But while ye bend in homage,  
To greet the fallen brave,  
Think not their dauntless spirits sleep  
Within the voiceless grave.  
Their bones below are mouldering,  
Their shadows flit around,  
But a happier home than we may tell  
Their holy souls have found.  
Far, far beyond the western hills,  
Where sinks the Sun-God's car ;  
Beyond Hesperia's laughing plains,  
And Atlas frowning far ;  
Beyond the stream of Ocean,  
Fast by his farther shore,  
Their spirits dwell for ever,  
And sorrow taste no more.

## 6.

For ever and for ever,  
In bliss that passeth song,  
The spirits of the blessed  
Lead the fair hours along.

Theirs is no gloomy midnight,  
Theirs is no noon-tide blaze ;  
But the Sun-God, ever shining,  
Glads them with gentle rays.  
No winter binds their rivers,  
No summer blasts their fields,  
But one fair spring for ever  
Each choicest floweret yields.  
Not such as here we gather,  
Which wither and which fade,  
But gleaming rich with golden light,  
In groves of sacred shade.  
Beneath their feet, like velvet,  
The softest grass they tread,  
And all around the foot-path  
The golden flowers are spread.  
And, culling choicest beauties,  
The happy spirits there  
Wreathe garlands gilt with brightest sheen  
Around their flowing hair.  
They labour not for ever,  
Nor stem the tide of fight ;  
They pass not o'er the wine-dark seas,  
Nor mountains' weary height.

## 7.

For ever and for ever,  
    In bliss we may not tell,  
By Father Cronus' hoary tower  
    The happy spirits dwell.  
Fast by the stream of Ocean  
    They mark the passing tide,  
But reck not of the deeds men work  
    Upon its eastern side.  
The Gods in all their glory  
    Each morn and eve they see :  
They bring no bleeding victims,  
    Nor offerings such as we ;  
But with a holy pæan,  
    Of calm and gentle sound,  
They hail the Lord of Thunder,  
    And him that shakes the ground.  
And the pure God Apollo  
    Deigns oft with them to dwell,  
And blue-eyed Athenæa  
    Doth heavenly wisdom tell.  
They never quake at Hades,  
    Nor dread Erinnyses near,  
For their blest souls are sinless,  
    And no avenger fear.

## 8.

For ever and for ever,  
    In calm and holy joy,  
There dwell the fallen heroes  
    Who fought at Thebes and Troy.  
There dwell the bards who sang of old  
    Of all their deeds of might,  
Orpheus and godlike Homer,  
    No longer lost to sight.  
Full oft he strikes his golden lyre,  
    And tells of Ilion's day,  
How Dardan and Achæan  
    Were matched in deadly fray.  
Then flock the chiefs around him  
    To hearken to his song,  
Achæan matched with Dardan,  
    But not in warlike throng.  
The swift-footed Achilles  
    And Hector ever bold  
Clasp their pure hands together  
    When they hear their fights of old.  
And there, in holy wedlock,  
    She who at Aulis died,  
Prize of the death she meekly bore,  
    Is now the hero's bride.

And Peleus eyes with gentle smile  
His children's holy joy,  
And deems their lot a fairer bliss  
Than fame of conquered Troy.

## 9.

So dwell they on for ever  
In bliss that knows no end,  
To whom the Gods who dwell on high  
Have granted there to wend.  
Who dies for truth and freedom,  
Who keeps his hands from wrong,  
Who gives his people holy laws,  
Who twines the wreath of song ;  
These, in the happy island  
By Ocean's western shore,  
Reck not of earth's wild passions,  
And fight and toil no more.  
There dwells Aristogeiton,  
And fair Harmodius too,  
Who on Athena's festival  
The hated tyrant slew.  
And there they dwell for ever,  
The prize of holy deeds,

Who vanquished on this blessed ground  
The quiver-bearing Medes.

## 10.

But O ye powers that guard us,  
To whom our prayers are bound,  
The blue-eyed Athenæa,  
And him that shakes the ground,  
O hear us as we pray you  
To look upon our land,  
And ever o'er your temples  
To stretch your guardian hand ;  
And raise us in the battle,  
To grasp the Athenian spear,  
Men like the fallen heroes  
Whom we worship year by year.  
Drive far away, we pray you,  
From where your victims bleed,  
The wasting sons of Dorus,  
And the quiver-bearing Mede.  
Let health and wealth for ever<sup>1</sup>  
Around us sweetly flow,  
In a land that knows no master,  
That sees no wasting foc.

So shall our children's children  
 Your altars deck for aye,  
 And with voice of high thanksgiving  
 Their fathers' offerings pay.

E. A. F.

<sup>1</sup> ἀλλὰ παρόντες ὁσομεν ὑμῖν  
 αὐτοῖς, παισὶν, παιῶν παισὶν,  
 πλουθυμείαν, εὐδαιμονίαν,  
 βίον, εἰρήνην, νεότητα, γέλω-  
 τα, χοροὺς, θαλίας.

ARIST. *Av.* 728.

## THE PERSIANS AT DELPHI.

## 1.

“ KING Apollo, King Apollo,  
Low we bend before thy throne :  
How shall we defend our city,  
And the hearth which is thine own ?  
Fast through many a conquered province  
Sweeps the might of Asia’s lord,  
And full many a Grecian bondman  
Follows him with hireling sword.  
Macedon hath owned her master ;  
Thessaly is bought and sold,  
And Aleuad chiefs are serving  
Where Achilles reigned of old.  
Thebes beneath the despot’s banner  
Gathers all Bœotia’s power ;  
Argos crouches to her kinsman,  
Brethren of the golden shower.  
Who shall battle with the stranger ?  
Who shall save us from his thrall ?

Sparta lingers at the Isthmus,  
Athens keeps her wooden wall ;  
King Leonidas hath fallen  
(When shall braver rise than he ?)  
With the true three hundred round him,  
All at dread Thermopylae.  
We are few and weak in battle,  
But if we shall turn and fly,  
Who shall guard the shrine of Delphi,  
Where thy holy treasures lie ?”

## 2.

“ Men of Delphi, men of Delphi,  
Hearken well to Heaven’s command ;  
Let each breast that swells for combat  
Fly from home and native land.  
Let alone your hoary elders  
Stand and wait Apollo’s will ;  
When the Gods go forth to battle,  
Man should tremble and be still.  
Let the host by man unnumbered,  
Let the proud barbarian come,  
Let him wreak his fiercest anger  
On Apollo’s sacred home ;

Cast away the spear and buckler,  
Let no helmet woo the breeze ;  
Stand in silence on the mountain,  
Ye have better arms than these.  
Though Aleuad chiefs be traitors,  
Thessaly hath guardians still ;  
Hath she not a mightier ruler  
Throned on high Olympus' hill ?  
Thebes hath reared the despot's banner ;  
How shall she defend his throne,  
When Platea's fallen heroes .  
Wake to life on Marathon ?  
Argos crouches to her kinsman ;  
Hath she not an arm to save,  
When she sees the twin Atreidæ  
Rise in harness from the grave ?  
Athens keeps her wooden rampart ;  
Strong her succours shall be found ;  
Strong is blue-eyed Athenæa,  
Strong is he that shakes the ground.  
Sparta lingers at the Isthmus—  
Have ye not a helper here ?  
Cannot Phœbus' arrows keep you  
Better than the Dorian spear ?

He himself, the pure Apollo,  
Dearest child of Zeus most high,  
He shall guard the shrine of Delphi,  
Where his holy treasures lie."

## 3.

From Apollo's golden tripod  
Thus the maddened priestess sang ;  
And the voice of high thanksgiving  
Through the shrine of Delphi rang.  
Youths and maidens, wives and children,  
Marched in order to the hill ;  
Sixty elders and the prophet  
Stood to wait Apollo's will.  
Soon Parnassus' peaks re-echoed  
Blast of horn and tramp of steed,  
As along the glens of Delphi  
Swept the quiver-bearing Mede.  
Proudly waved the royal banners,  
Proudly did the turbans wave,  
Sternly rattled every quiver,  
Sternly flashed each crooked glaive.  
There was triumph in each visage,  
Triumph in each shout of pride,

As the host by man unnumbered  
Swept along the mountain side.  
Then the shades that ne'er had listened  
To a Grecian buckler's clang,  
Ne'er had heard a Grecian war-shout,  
With barbaric echoes rang ;  
Satraps urging on their warriors,  
Warriors cheering at their word,  
With the voice of many a language  
That our fathers never heard.  
Thus did six and forty nations  
At their master's bidding come,  
Primed to wreak his fiercest anger  
On Apollo's sacred home ;  
While, as through the pass they hasten,  
To their stranger Gods they cry,  
Well to sack the shrine of Delphi,  
Where his holy treasures lie.

## 4.

Thus along the sacred valley  
Sped the host in pomp and pride,  
Till they reached the groves of laurel  
Blooming by the temple side.

All was bright and all was silent  
When the robber bands drew nigh ;  
Not a sound was in the mountain,  
Not a cloud was in the sky ;  
Softly were the sun-beams playing  
On the front of marble bright,  
Which Alcmaeon's sons had builded,  
Banish'd for their country's right ;  
Softly waved the groves of laurel,  
When the cooling breeze swept by,  
Softly trilled the sparkling waters  
From the fount of Castaly.  
Not a sound or sight of terror  
Then the robbers heard or saw,  
But the weird and solemn silence  
Chill'd their boldest hearts with awe.  
True they heard no shout of battle ;  
True they saw no banner wave ;  
On the earth and in the welkin  
All was voiceless as the grave :  
But, I ween, in all their thousands  
Each had liefer seen by far  
All the steel-clad lines of Sparta  
Rushing onward to the war ;

For the peaks of high Parnassus,  
Kindled in the flood of light,  
Stood like groups of giant heroes,  
Each with helmet gleaming bright ;  
And without or voice or weapon,  
Like the spirits of the hill,  
Sixty elders and the prophet  
Stood to wait Apollo's will ;  
And, unmoved by hand of mortal,  
Bright and burnished for the fray,  
Close before the foremost pillars  
All the holy weapons lay ;  
Arms that Hercules had wielded  
When he smote the Lord of Hell,  
Arms that Theseus bore to battle  
When the fair Amazons fell.  
Then the spoilers quaked in horror,  
And they knew that one on high  
Guards full well the shrine of Delphi,  
Where his holy treasures lie.

## 5.

Thus around the gleaming temple  
All was fair and all was still ;

But the grasp of silent terror  
Did their boldest spirits chill ;  
Teeth are chattering, limbs are quaking,  
Dropped are scimitar and bow,  
Eyes are starting from their sockets,  
Through the thousands of the foe.  
  
Then a war-shout, such as never  
Rose from earthly battle-field,  
Like the roar of many waters,  
From Athena's temple pealed ;  
Then amid the heaving mountains  
Loudest thunders echoed nigh,  
And the ruddy bolts of vengeance  
Flashed athwart the cloudless sky.  
  
Earth was quaking to her centre,  
Heaven was all a sheet of flame,  
When the stroke of righteous judgment  
On the haughty spoiler came.  
  
Then the peaks of high Parnassus  
Shivered at the tempest's blow,  
Showered a thousand craggy ruins  
On the guilty ones below.  
  
Crushed beneath the falling mountains,  
Stunned amid the thunder's din,

Scorched and blasted by the lightning,  
Lay the robber in his sin.  
Onward borne in one wild torrent,  
Flying footman, flying steed,  
All along the glens of Delphi  
Swept the quiver-bearing Mede ;  
Struck by Phœbus' arm of vengeance,  
They had seen their bravest die,  
All before the shrine of Delphi,  
Where his holy treasures lie.

## 6.

Thus the mighty ones are flying,  
Thus the proud are falling low ;  
For the haughty shout of triumph,  
Raise they now the shriek of woe.  
Fast as through the glen they hasten,  
Sword and shaft are strewed around ;  
Dying men and dying horses  
Sink in writhing on the ground.  
Trampled is King Xerxes' banner  
'Neath his standard-bearer's feet ;  
And the vaunts too high for mortal  
Have the guerdon that is meet.

Then there echoed through the mountain  
Far and wide a wondrous cry :  
“ When the Gods have won the battle,  
Man may follow them that fly.”  
Then, as fiercer flashed the lightning,  
Louder still the thunders roared,  
Every crag sent forth its warriors,  
Every cave its ambush poured.  
Earth was quaking to her centre,  
Heaven was all a sheet of flame,  
When upon the flying Persians  
All the host of Delphi came.  
There was neither spear nor buckler,  
Not a helmet wooed the breeze ;  
These are for the foe that struggles,  
Weaker arms for him that flees.  
There was club, and scythe, and ploughshare,  
Sling, and crook that guards the fold ;  
Save the elders grasped the weapons  
That the heroes bore of old.  
Elders smiting choicest warriors,  
Footmen laying riders low,  
Shepherds striking down the satraps  
Who had led the haughty foe.

While, in front of the pursuers,  
Straightway shone a wondrous sight,  
Where two more than mortal warriors  
Drove the foe to wilder flight.  
They had spear, and they had buckler,  
They had helmets waving high ;  
And whene'er the spear was lifted,  
Straightway did a foeman die.  
Faster fled the flying Persians,  
When their wondrous foes they saw,  
And the very sons of Delphi  
Trembled as they gazed in awe.  
But the hoary elders knew them  
For the heroes of the land,  
Who had come to fight for Delphi,  
At Apollo's high command.  
Phylacus, the strong in battle,  
Raised his war-cry on the right ;  
On the left, the fierce Autonous  
Onward pressed in deadly fight.  
And we blessed the pure Apollo,  
Who had sent them from on high,  
To avenge the shrine of Delphi,  
Where his holy treasures lie.

## 7.

Thus the Gods on high have trampled  
Royal pride beneath their feet,  
And the vaunts too high for mortal  
Have the guerdon that is meet.  
Thus the mighty ones are fallen  
'Neath Apollo's vengeful hand,  
Thus the weak return in triumph  
With the spoils of many a land.  
Rich and priceless was the treasure,  
Guerdon of our days of fear,  
Gathered from the wondrous battle  
That was won without a tear.  
There were arms and costly harness,  
Gear of man and gear of steed,  
Dropped in flight and torn in carnage  
From the quiver-bearing Mede.  
There were vests of silk and purple,  
Gleaming deep with Tyrian dye;  
There were plumes of spangled feathers,  
Rent from turbans waving high;  
Scimitars with jewelled handles,  
Shields with rims of pearl bedight;  
Lances budding with pomegranates  
All of gold and silver bright.

And as joyously we rifled  
Many a satrap's massy zone,  
Scattered heaps of glittering darcies  
All along the valley shone.  
Rich and priceless was the treasure,  
Guerdon of our hours of toil :  
And we gave to King Apollo  
Tithe of all the glittering spoil ;  
And we hung around his altars  
Relics of the haughty foe,  
Who had come to spoil his temple  
And to lay his altars low ;  
And the voice of high thanksgiving  
Did through all the shrine resound,  
To the blue-eyed Athenæa,  
And to him that shakes the ground,  
And to him, the pure Apollo,  
Dearest child of Zeus most high,  
Who hath saved the shrine of Delphi,  
Where his spoils of conquest lie.

## THE FEAST OF ATTAGINUS.

1.

To the halls of Attaginus  
Persia's best and bravest throng :  
Gleams for them the lordly banquet,  
Swell for them the tide of song.  
'Tis the banquet of the Theban ;  
He hath spread the festal board  
For the chiefs who came to Hellas  
In the train of Asia's lord.  
They have seen both storm and sunshine,  
Since they sojourned in the land ;  
They have known the pride of triumph,  
They have felt the vengeful hand.  
What though dread Athena's temple  
Smoulder in its ashes still,  
And the wreck of ruthless pillage  
Linger on the sacred hill ?  
What though, in their frantic vengeance,  
They that spared not man nor child,

Reckless of his slumbering thunders,  
Have the home of Zeus defiled ?  
Street and temple,—scathed and shattered  
All Athena's city lies ;  
From its ruins, thick and choking  
Clouds of smoke and ashes rise :  
None are there to mourn the ravage,  
Gods and men have passed away :  
Through the shrines of blessed heroes  
Prowl at will the beasts of prey,  
And the crash of falling rafters  
Echoes on the sacred hill ;  
And the thunderbolts of vengeance  
Sleep within their caverns still.

## 2.

To the halls of Attaginus  
With a brave array they throng,  
Proud of step and high of bearing,  
As they wend in pomp along.  
But their eyes reveal no gladness ;  
Gone is all their old disdain ;  
With a false unwilling glory  
Moves that lordly warrior train.

Are they thinking how the robber  
In the vales of Delphi fell,  
When a scared and weary remnant  
Came the tale of wrath to tell,—  
How the thunders burst upon them,  
And their corpses lay around,  
Scorched and blackened by the lightning,  
Thick as leaves upon the ground?  
Think not now on tales of terror,  
Reck not now of vengeance dread :  
'Mid the blaze of gold and jewels  
Is the lordly banquet spread.

## 3.

In the halls of Attaginus,  
While the joyous strains arise,  
Feasts the Persian with the Theban,  
Each with each, in friendly guise.  
Fifty of the flower of Persia  
To the banquet came that day ;  
Fifty Thebans with them feasting  
On the golden couches lay.  
There was song and mirth and jesting  
Loud their godless vauntings grew, —

Vows of vengeance for their kinsmen,  
Whom the Gods at Delphi slew.

## 4.

In the halls of Attaginus,  
One alone of all the throng  
Silent sate the while, disdaining  
Reckless jest and laugh and song.  
Fast they drained the jewelled goblets,  
Louder grew their vauntlings high;  
And the flush of godless daring  
Lit anew each restless eye.  
One alone of all, deep pondering,  
Listened to each careless word:  
Well he deemed the Gods immortal  
All their maddened boastings heard.  
And when song and laugh grew loudest,  
To his fellow-guest he said, —  
“ Stranger, dost thou watch the revel?  
Bravely is the banquet spread.  
Golden cups unnumbered blazing, —  
Jewelled flagons sparkling bright, —  
Well I ween, than this, O Stranger,  
I have seen no braver sight.

Fifty of the chiefs of Persia  
In the Theban's hall recline,  
And in pride of strength and daring  
Gaily quaff the golden wine.  
Soon these brave and lordly warriors,  
Who this day hold revel high,  
By the Gods that watch o'er Hellas  
Smitten down in death shall lie.”  
E'en as thus he spake, the Persian  
Wept for all the coming woe,  
When the sons of Greece should quite them  
Wrong for wrong, and blow for blow.  
“ Wherefore not this day, O Persian,  
To Mardonius bear thy tale,  
While against the rising tempest  
Forethought wise may yet avail?”  
“ Stranger, to the doomed all fruitless  
'Tis to tell of coming ill :  
Pride hath brought its goodly guerdon,  
Blinded eye and reckless will.  
They, whom Heaven hath marked for ruin,  
Heed not warning voice or sign,  
Which to all save these are telling  
Of the wrath of Zeus divine.”

## 5.

In the halls of Attaginus  
Echoes laugh, and jest, and song,  
While the Theban and the Persian  
Still the lordly feast prolong.  
None did hear the words of warning :  
Louder yet their vauntings grew,  
Vows of vengeance for their kinsmen,  
Whom the Gods at Delphi slew.

G. W. C.

## A LEGEND OF THERMOPYLÆ.

THE following narration is supposed to come from one of the few Athenians who were averse to the war with Sparta. These would be the old men, who knew most fully the strength and powers of endurance on both sides, and who may themselves have fought their first battles towards the close of the Persian war, as from the battle of Platæa to the commencement of the Peloponnesian war there had elapsed an interval of not more than fifty years.

## 1.

MEN of Athens, ye have spoken ;  
“ War with Sparta ” is the cry :  
Ye are brave, and strong, and youthful,  
And your hearts with hope beat high,  
As ye see the countless tokens,  
And the hurrying to and fro  
Of the bands of gathering warriors  
For the struggle with the foe.  
Men of Athens, ye will revel  
On the purple battle-field,  
Ye shall test the tempered lances,  
Ye shall prove the well-wrought shield.

Time hath been when they were proven  
In a just and holy fight,  
When with us the blessed heroes  
Came to battle for the right.  
Sons of Ion and of Dorus,  
Hand in hand, and side by side,  
Nobly, in a righteous quarrel,  
For the weal of Hellas died.  
Sons of Ion and of Dorus  
Soon will join in strife again,  
Each to shed with reckless slaughter  
Kindred blood upon the plain.

## 2.

Men of Athens, ye are joyful,  
As ye see the proud array,  
Shield and buckler, spear and helmet,  
Ready for the fiery fray.  
And ye say, “Athena’s city  
O’er the Dorian race shall reign ;  
We will match our fathers’ glory,  
Else it all were won in vain.”  
And ye deem the foe is haughty,  
Who this homage scorns to yield ;

Therefore ye will try the issue  
On the stricken battle-field.

Men of Athens, men of Athens,  
I have seen your fathers fight;  
Well I ween these eyes have never  
Looked upon a nobler sight.

They were brave, and young, and hopeful,  
Clean of heart, and pure of hand,  
Battling with a hope unshaken  
For the old Hellenic land.

Men of Athens, young and daring,  
Listen to an old man's tale,  
Though the pleadings of the aged  
Scarce may with the young avail.

### 3.

Fifty years,—what wondrous changes  
Hath the land of Theseus seen—  
None of all this pomp and glory  
Decked the olden streets, I ween.  
Fifty years,—and from her ashes  
Athens has upsprung once more;  
Scarce I know the very regions  
Where we dwelt in days of yore.

Marble halls and sculptured temples  
With a thousand hues bedight,  
And the strength of broad Peiræus,—  
Sooth they are a wondrous sight.  
Fifty years,—and lust and ravage  
Feasted richly in the land,  
War and Plague o'er hill and valley  
Stalked in mockery hand in hand.  
Every day the smoke of temples  
Burning choked the darkened air,  
And it seemed the Gods immortal  
Cared no more to hear our prayer.  
Boding woe, the sacred serpents  
Fled from out Athena's shrine ;  
Burned no more the hallowed embers  
On the hearth of Zeus divine.  
Where was room for hope and courage,  
When we saw the countless foe  
Sweep, as flies the fiery plague-blast,  
Winged with fear, and death, and woe ?  
Day and night the spoiler ravaged ;  
Yet of vengeance came no sign  
From the home of dread Athena  
And the hearth of Zeus divine.

Fifty years, O men of Athens,  
And your sires took counsel here :  
Not a coward word was spoken  
In the hour of mortal fear.  
Still I think I see their faces,—  
Reverend men of hoary hair,  
Men who know no craven shrinkings,  
Though all meaner hearts despair.  
They were days of deathless glory :—  
Spear may pierce, and sword may strike,  
Hearts be bold, and hopes unshaken,  
Ye can never know the like.  
Ye, so fair, and brave, and youthful,  
Strong of heart and bold of brow,  
With a cause unblest, shall never  
See another Pylæ now.

## 4.

Men of Athens, I beheld them  
Wending to Thermopylæ,  
Bravest of the sons of Sparta,  
Strong as human hearts may be.  
Countless times within those gorges  
I have wandered since that day,

Where are laid in sleep the heroes  
Who at Pylæ passed away.  
I have sought each winding valley,  
As to me the tale was told,  
Tangled cleft, and craggy summit,  
Where the Phocian watched of old.

## 5.

Well they knew Apollo's answer  
Came not unto them in vain,  
That the blasts of heaven should aid them  
While they fought on battle-plain.  
So they prayed the viewless helpers,  
And the vengeful winds arose ;  
Boreas and Oreithyia  
Dealt their wrath upon their foes.  
Countless ships, with hosts unnumbered,  
Helpless in the tempest's roar,  
Tossed above the boiling surges,  
Brake in pieces on the shore.  
And the dwellers of Magnesia  
Reaped rich harvest many a day ;  
Wealth untold full long lay floating  
'Mid the rocks that gird the bay.

Jewelled cups and golden goblets  
    Sparkled on the barren strand :  
Broidered zones and gemmed tiaras  
    Lay as refuse on the sand.  
Such the aid Apollo rendered  
    While, in Pylæ's inmost dell,  
By his place of hallowed council,  
    One by one the Spartans fell.  
Day by day the strife waxed fiercer,  
    And the baffled Persian fled :  
Day by day the Median archers  
    Left a heap of nameless dead.  
Quailed the heart of Asia's despot,  
    As each lashed and driven slave,  
Whom he sent to bind the Spartan,  
    Found within the gorge his grave.  
From his throne he leaped in anguish,  
    As he watched the fight below ;  
Persian lance and Median arrow  
    Fell in vain upon the foe.  
Day by day the strife grew hotter,  
    But the foe was dauntless still ;  
And the Persian writhed in fury,  
    That the Gods should thwart his will.

Lure and goad and lash were fruitless :  
Fraud alone may win the day,  
And the Mede by traitor's guidance  
O'er the mountain find his way.

## 6.

There the Phocians kept their watches  
Through the silent hours of night,  
While the sons of men were sleeping,  
And the stars were glittering bright.  
With a soft and lulling murmur,  
Trickled down the mountain rills :  
In the distance dim and shadowy,  
Rose the vast Ætaean hills.  
High upon the mountain summit,  
Silent watched that little band :  
Far beneath the lazy ripples  
Sunk to slumber on the strand.  
And the withered leaves of autumn,  
Sere and yellow, clogged the ground ;  
There was not a breath to stir them,  
As they lay so thick around.  
Faint the streak of early morning  
Spread behind Eubœa's isle,

As on leafy Anopæa  
Watched the Phocian guards the while.  
Through the darkness upward stealing,  
Brighter yet the sunbeams played,  
When they heard the sound of footsteps  
By the rustling leaves betrayed.  
Then the foe, with might resistless,  
Hurried to the pass below ;  
So the strength of open daring  
Sinks beneath a traitor's blow.  
With no thought of hidden danger  
Paced the Spartan watch his round,  
While, unseen, the Median archers  
Down the hill in silence wound.  
But the seer that read the omens  
Told them that the end drew nigh,  
“ When the morning sun is risen,  
They who stay must fight and die.”  
Then unmoved stood Sparta's heroes ;  
All save these were sent away ;  
And the remnant decked them bravely  
As was meet for festal day.  
And as victims for the altar,  
There were traitors standing by,

Where the Spartan and the Thespian  
Dared to tarry and to die.  
Cowering shrunk the dastard Thebans,  
Faint of limb and false of heart ;  
In the pains of mortal conflict,  
They with them must bear their part.

## 7.

Men of Athens, men of Athens,  
Though so oft this tale is told,  
It hath never lost its freshness,  
And its glories wax not old.  
With the sons of those who battling  
In the pass of Pylæ fell,  
If ye now may meet as foemen,  
This ye deem will please you well.  
Still within the dells of Pylæ  
Mossy green the stones remain,  
Telling where the Spartan heroes  
By the Median shafts were slain.  
I have read the wondrous legend  
Many a time with quivering eye,  
“ Tell the Spartans, at their bidding,  
Stranger, here in death we lie.”

Men of Athens, men of Athens,  
'Tis a phantom false ye seek :  
Thus from out their voiceless dwellings  
Still your fathers' memories speak.  
Scorn not now the words of warning ;  
Think, before the strife begin,  
Ye must have a cause as holy,  
If ye seek their fame to win.  
Sons of Ion and of Dorus,  
Ye should meet as kith and friends,  
Basking in the light unfading,  
Which their deathless glory lends.  
Sons of Ion and of Dorus,  
Still of you a boon they claim,  
That ye keep their league unbroken,  
As in time of ancient fame.  
O those days of noble heroes —  
Spear may pierce, and sword may strike,  
Hearts be bold, and hopes unshaken,  
Ye can never know the like.  
Ye, so fair, and brave, and youthful,  
Strong of heart and bold of brow,  
With a cause unblest, shall never  
See another Pylæ now.



## SONGS OF THE MOORISH WARS.



## SONGS OF THE MOORISH WARS.

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### THE BATTLE OF CALPE.

THE battle of Calpe (Gibel Taric, or Gibraltar), which immediately preceded that of Xeres or the Guadalete, was fought between the Arabs under Taric ben Zeyad, and the Christians of Spain under the Prince Ataulpho, assisted by Theodomir, or Tadmir, as he was called by the Moors of a later age. The death of the former took place as recorded in the following ballad.—See Irving's *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*, p. 110.

#### I.

IT was the thick of battle ;  
And fierce they strove amain,—  
The Christian with the infidel,  
For freedom and for Spain.

It was the thick of battle ;  
And louder the war-eries rung,  
While o'er them, dun and drear, the cloud  
Of mortal conflict hung.

## 2.

And from the field a little space  
A streamlet trickled clear,  
And, brawling o'er its rocky bed,  
Made music to the ear.  
Above its source, a lonely palm  
Spread out its pleasant shade,  
While softly down its pebbly course  
The sparkling waters strayed.

## 3.

And thither, from the bloody strife,  
A noble chief was borne,  
Who all the Gothic chivalry  
To battle led that morn.  
They bare him sadly from the field,  
Two faithful friends and true ;  
And ever, as on him they gazed,  
Their tears flowed forth anew.

## 4.

They bare him to that mountain stream,  
They bathed his face so pale ;  
They strove to stanch the bleeding wounds,  
If aught may yet avail.

They washed the blood and dust away,  
And laid his armour near,  
And idle on the sunny turf  
Lay morion, shield, and spear.

## 5.

They watched him fondly there and long,  
With soft and loving care,—  
That ancient warrior stern and grim,—  
That page so young and fair.  
The page upheld his drooping head ;  
His tears flowed thick and fast,—  
So still he lay, nor heeded more  
The trumpet's maddening blast.

## 6.

They watched,— the aged and the young,  
Beneath the noontide ray ;  
And well they deemed the stream of life  
Was ebbing fast away.  
But once again his eyes unclosed ;  
He gently raised his head ;  
“ How fares the battle, comrade true ? ”  
In feeble tone he said.

## 7.

“ The death-shafts fly more thick and fast,  
The warfare fiercer grows,  
God help us ;— we may conquer yet  
Before the evening close.”  
Then faintly flushed his cheek so wan ;  
A hope lit up his eye,  
That he might see the Moslem hosts  
All vanquished, ere he die.

## 8.

“ O raise me on my knees again,  
My mortal strife is done ;  
Yet would I kneel in prayer once more  
Beneath the noon-day sun.”  
They raised him up upon his knees,  
And gently held him there,  
While that brave knight, with clasped hands,  
Poured forth his dying prayer.

## 9.

And when his strength began to fail,  
All feebly then he cried,  
“ I pray thee, ancient comrade,  
Come, place thee by my side.”

Then, kneeling to that aged man,  
His dying shrift he told ;  
For none was there, or priest, or friar,  
None save that warrior old.

## 10.

And looking then, where still the Goth  
With Taric strove amain,  
With filmy eye and quivering frame  
He sunk to earth again :  
And fondly then one dying kiss  
He pressed upon the soil ;  
And in that mute and sad embrace  
He passed from mortal toil.

## 11.

And o'er him watched that youthful page,  
That warrior stern and grim ;  
But never more their lord shall reck  
The tears they shed for him.  
For there beside the trickling stream,  
Beneath the noon-day sun,  
In the lone palm-tree's pleasant shade,  
His place of rest he won.

G. W. C.

## THE DEATH OF RAMIRO.

WHEN the Christian army under Don Roderick was about to march for that fatal plain, where the Gothic dynasty of Spain was extinguished, and the Moslem conquest of that country in the main achieved, “The king called to him a noble cavalier named Ramiro, and, delivering him the royal standard, charged him to guard it well for the honour of Spain. Scarcely, however, had the good knight received it in his hand, when he fell dead from his horse, and the staff of the standard was broken in twain. Many who were present looked upon this as an evil omen, and counselled the king not to set forward on his march that day; but, disregarding all auguries and portents, he ordered the royal banner to be put upon a lance, and gave it in charge of another standard-bearer, and departed at the head of his host to seek the enemy.”—See *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*, p. 119.

## 1.

FROM Calpe to Cordova  
The news of battle flew;  
And every day more woeful  
The dismal tidings grew.

From Calpe to Cordova  
Each face waxed wan and pale:  
And from cottage and from palace  
Burst forth a mournful wail.

## 2.

From Calpe to Cordova

They sorrowed for the dead ;  
Of Gothic blood the noblest  
'Neath Calpe's rock was shed.

From Calpe to Cordova

Pealed forth the wild alarm,  
“ Come forth, ye Gothic chieftains,  
For Spain and freedom arm.”

## 3.

From palace and from cottage,

From fortress and from fold,  
Came the noble and the peasant,  
The youthful and the old.

From mountain and from valley,

As passed the word along,  
Came gallant knight and horseman,  
And the vassals' countless throng.

## 4.

Anon within Cordova

The Gothic warriors meet,  
With plumes and flashing lances,  
In palace, square, and street ;

And at their head Rodrigo,  
In royal pomp and state,  
Against the foul invader  
Rides proudly from the gate.

## 5.

And marshalled 'neath their banners,  
All burning for the fray,  
With the valour of their fathers  
Came the Gothic host that day.  
And dimly in the distance  
'Neath Calpe's beetling height,  
Where camped the accursëd Moslem,  
They spied their tents so white.

## 6.

And all the plain of Xeres  
Lay smiling fair between,  
With palm trees and with vineyards  
And olive gardens green.  
And through that sunny region,  
As all in peace it slept,  
The joyous Guadalate  
In silvery windings swept.

## 7.

There, on the eve of battle,  
Where the happy waters played  
Amid the vines of Xeres,  
The Gothic host was stayed.  
Then forth stept King Rodrigo,  
With bright and kindling eye,  
And took the Gothic standard  
And raised it up on high.

## 8.

And forthwith every warrior  
Did clasp his comrade's hand,  
In vow to die, or vanquish  
The Moslem's noisome band ;  
And as they clasped each other  
In token fast and dear,  
Out spake the King Rodrigo,  
That all around might hear.

## 9.

“ To thee, good Knight Ramiro,  
Right loyal heart and true,  
I yield the Gothic standard  
To win us fame anew.

'Gainst unbelieving Moslem  
And fouler renegade,  
Though traitor hearts surround thee,  
Defend it undismayed.

## 10.

“ Before this host I charge thee,  
Thou noble knight, once more,  
Ne'er lay thou down this standard  
Until the strife be o'er.  
So guard it well, Ramiro,  
With all thy heart and power,  
Though thou be sad or hopeful,  
Or in thy dying hour.”

## 11.

And ev'n as spake Rodrigo,  
With eager hand and eye  
Ramiro took the standard  
In hope and longing high.  
A moment yet he held it,  
And then to earth he fell ;  
But the thoughts that burned within him  
No word of his might tell.

## 12.

Across his face one moment  
A smile of gladness passed ;  
Then o'er his eyes all dimly  
The death-film gathered fast.  
One moment brief he held it,—  
He held it, and he died ;  
And pale waxed every warrior  
As that strange sight he eyed.

## 13.

They gazed upon the standard,—  
With shattered shaft it lay :  
They gazed upon the warrior,  
Whose soul had passed away,—  
In sad and boding anguish  
For the issue of the fray,  
When they battle with the Moslem  
Upon the coming day.

## 14.

They lifted up the standard  
With staff all rent in twain ;  
Then gazed upon Ramiro,  
So stiff and stark, again ;

And they deemed that on the morrow  
The Goth should fight in vain,  
And the godless Paynim triumph  
In the Christian land of Spain.

G. W. C.

## THE TOMB OF DON RODERICK.

AFTER the battle of Xeres, the same legends sprang up respecting the fate of Roderick, as in our own land were given forth about Harold after the fight at Hastings. Towards the end of the ninth century, in the city of Visco in Lusitania, (wrested by Don Alphonso the Great, King of Leon, from the Moslem,) there was found in a field outside the walls a small chapel, and near it, a tomb bearing the following inscription,

“ Hic Requiescit Rudericus Ultimus Rex Gothorum.”

—See Legends of the Conquest of Spain, p. 156.

ON XERES, WHEN THE SHADOWS CLOSED  
 O’ER WELTERING HEAPS OF COUNTLESS SLAIN,  
 FULL MANY A VALIANT KNIGHT REPOSED  
 FROM WEARYING STRIFE AND PAIN.

AND FOE WITH FOE, THAT WOEFUL NIGHT,  
 STILL LOCKED IN DEADLIEST HATRED SLEPT ;  
 WHILE O’ER THAT SCENE OF RUTHLESS FIGHT  
 THE NIGHT BREEZE SORROWING SWEPT.

But whether in that fiercee affray  
'Mid meaner foes Rodrigo fell,  
Or lived to see a later day,  
No mortal tongue may tell.

All wildly gasping and dismayed  
His war-horse scoured the cumbered plain,  
And through the gathering mist and shade  
Its rider sought in vain.

And long (so hope deceives) they deemed  
That Roderick had not perished then ;  
And at the destined hour they dreamed  
He yet would come again, —

To wreak a vengeance passing thought  
On traitor heart and recreant hand  
For every woe their sin hath brought  
Upon that hapless land.

Ev'n thus they deemed he dwelt afar,  
Abiding still the destined hour  
To lead the Christian hosts to war  
With more than mortal power.

Long ages past, it so befel,  
Scarce raised above the holy ground  
Where stood a hermit's lowly cell,  
A humble grave they found.

'Twas said that mossy mouldering stone  
Shewed forth the place of Roderick's sleep,  
Where o'er that spot so still and lone  
The wild flowers loved to creep.

Where'er he lie, he resteth well  
From onset fierce and fiery fray —  
Whether in battle-strife he fell,  
Or passed in peace away.

G. W. C.

## THE LAMENT OF THE MOORS FOR LUCENA.

THE battle of Lucena took place in one of those numerous forays which preceded the more important and prolonged operations of the war carried on by Ferdinand and Isabella against the Moors.

Early in the year 1484, the Christians had suffered some terrible disasters in the mountain passes of Malaga; and Boabdil, elated by the news, was induced to undertake another expedition by the arguments of Ali Atar, or Alatar, Aleayde of Loxa, and father of Morayma, the wife of the Moorish sovereign. The town of Lucena, on the frontiers of Ecija and Cordova, was pointed out as an especially favourable object of attack; and Boabdil, in the company of Alatar, whose age had almost numbered a hundred years, set out from Loxa at the head of a splendidly appointed armament; but the result of the expedition was the total defeat and most bloody slaughter of the Moorish forces, and the captivity of Boabdil himself.—See Washington Irving's Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada, ch. xiv.—xvii.

### 1.

“ WATCHMAN, far across the vega  
Canst thou see the standards gleam ?  
Canst thou hear the tramp of horsemen  
'Mid the murmur of the stream ?

Seest thou yet their pennons glancing  
Proudly in the midday sun ?  
Dost thou hear their shouts of triumph  
For the deeds that they have done ?  
With the mien of conquering heroes  
Comes not yet each gallant train,  
Laden with their foemen's banners  
And the trophies of the slain ?—  
Long it seems since armed for battle,—  
Scarce could be more noble sight,—  
Fondly sped with loving glances,  
They departed for the fight.  
Down the castled steep of Loxa,  
Burning for the fiery fray,  
Well I ween, with dauntless bearing  
Wound the terrible array,  
To the battle with the Christian  
On the sunny fields of Spain,  
Where full oft 'gainst Moslem falchion  
Christian sword hath struck in vain.—  
For the wrongs Alhama suffered  
They had wreaked a vengeance dread ;  
Christian blood flowed down in rivers  
For each drop that they had shed, —

When amid the mountain gorges,  
Struggling in the gulfs profound,  
Faint, and whelmed, and crushed, their bodies  
Writhing clogged the bloody ground.

In the halls of Antequera  
Shrieks of maddened anguish rose,  
When their sun of pride and triumph  
Sunk in blood at evening's close.

Fresh with all that fame and glory  
As from Loxa's walls they went,  
Eyes of love with wistful longing  
Gazed from every battlement.

With the eager thrill of valour  
Proudly glanced Boabdil's eye,  
As he bared his sword for battle,  
And his banner waved on high.

Brightly flashed the Zegrис' lances,  
And each heart beat high for war ; —  
Where was room for dastard trembling  
'Neath the eye of Alatar ?

Four-score years, in battle never  
Fell his scimetar in vain :  
At each lightning stroke a foeman  
Bit the dust upon the plain.

Watchman, far across the vega  
Canst thou see their standards gleam ?

Seest thou not their far-off lances  
    Flashing in the noon-day beam ?  
Comes not yet the shout of triumph  
    Echoing faintly in thine ear,  
Like the rumbling of the thunder,  
    Ere the tempest draw more near ?”

## 2.

Pricking o'er the sunny vega  
    Lo ! a form he doth descry,  
Hasteth he in joy or sorrow,  
    Anguish dread, or triumph high ?  
Rowel-deep his spurs are buried,—  
    Struggles on the gasping steed,  
As his gory flanks all goaded  
    By the fiery rider bleed.  
Quivers every vein and muscle,  
    Starting from his seething neck ;—  
Bloody drops of fiercest labour  
    Ooze in every foamy fleck ;—  
From the red and angry eyelid  
    With a dim and filmy glaze  
Feebly glares his eye, as faintly  
    Still he strives his head to raise.

Nearer by the banks of Xenil  
Speeds the warrior on his way,—  
Shattered sword, and targe, and helmet  
Dinted in the fiery fray.  
On he came, that ghastly rider,  
With the paleness of the dead,  
Save where wounds all bare and gaping  
Showed a streak of livid red.  
Dust and blood befouled his armour ;  
And he spurred more madly still,  
While the steed with fearful gasping  
Staggered headlong up the hill.  
O'er his eye the death-film gathers ;  
Thicker comes each panting breath,  
Till before the gate he totters,  
And his limbs are stayed in death.

## 3.

Then in dread and dark foreboding  
Hurried forth the crowd to see  
Wherfore came that ghastly rider,  
And what might the tidings be.  
O'er his gallant Arab charger  
Leant the warrior mute and still :

Scarce he dared to tell his tidings,  
For they were so full of ill.  
“ Cavalier, thou bearest tokens  
Of a fearful battle-field ;  
Hath Granada’s standard conquered ?  
Did the Christian flee or yield ?”  
With a gesture mute and mournful  
Straight he pointed with his hand  
To the dark and stern sierra  
Bounding in the Christian’s land.  
“ There beyond those craggy summits  
Stricken down in death they lie,  
Gashed, and cleft, and hewn, and rotting  
In the carnage heaped on high.”

## 4.

Then the hollow wail of anguish  
And the shrieking of despair  
And the frantic cries of terror  
Rose commingling in the air.  
Forth then stepped an aged warrior,  
And he spake in accent low,  
“ Cavalier, thy mien is mournful,  
And thy words are full of woe ;—

Are they vanquished, victors ever  
In the purple fields of war?  
Surely ne'er such fate hath fallen  
On the hosts of Alatar."  
“ Conqueror in a hundred battles,  
Alatar is lowly laid,  
Stricken down amid the slaughtered,  
Cloven by a Christian’s blade.”  
Far and wide the moan of warriors  
Rose in stifled murmur round,  
And the wail of woman’s sorrow  
Echoed with a shriller sound.  
And throughout the halls of Loxa  
Nought was heard but shrieks of woe,  
For Granada’s flower hath withered  
And its glory lieth low.

## 5.

Then another steed they brought him,  
And he sped upon his way,  
Nor in all his fiery journey  
Paused to slake his thirst that day.  
Over mountain, plain, and valley,  
Madly thundering on he passed,

As one flees in mortal anguish  
From the deadly desert blast.  
To Granada's royal city  
With his tale of woe he flew ; —  
And the watchmen mused in wonder,  
As the horseman nearer drew.  
Onward reeled the Arab courser,  
Gasping from his furious flight, —  
Like a phantom seemed the rider  
From the regions of the night.  
“ Cavalier, what tidings bring’st thou  
From Lucena’s battle-plain ?”  
“ Ne’er upon Lucena’s turrets  
Moorish flag shall wave again.”  
Then for fathers, husbands, brothers,  
Hurriedly the questions rose ;  
“ All are dead, — entombed in slaughter,  
They are taking their repose.”  
“ Foot to foot, in carnage wading,  
Fell thy sire,” to one he said : —  
“ In the thickest of the battle  
Was thy brother’s life-blood shed.” —  
“ Struggling where the fight raged hottest  
Was thy lover stricken down.” —

“ Hand to hand in mortal combat  
Hath thy kinsman won renown.”—  
“ Matchless in his deeds of valour,  
Far beneath the waters deep  
Of the dark and crimsoned Xenil  
Thy betrothed is laid in sleep.”—  
Each and all with bloodless faces  
Heard the story of their woe,—  
And the wail of sorrow echoed  
Far and wide and high and low.  
Sadly through Elvira’s portal  
Passed the warrior on his way,  
Dealing out the dismal tidings,  
How each fared amidst the fray.  
Through the Bivarrambla slowly  
To Alhambra’s gate he drew,  
For the carnage of the battle  
Passed again beneath his view.  
Gazing on the stream of Darro  
Sadly watched Morayme there,  
And she heard the cries of mourning  
Break upon the breathless air.  
There with haughty brow sate Ayxa,  
Looking on the plain below,

When that grim and lonely warrior  
Came to tell the tale of woe.  
“ Cavalier, how sped Boabdil ?”  
“ All are dead upon the field :  
Round their king they stood a rampart,  
And their bodies were his shield.  
Then the battle raged more fiercely,  
And I saw the king no more ;  
There were only dead and dying,  
When the bloody strife was o'er.”

## 6.

Spake no word the noble Ayxa,  
But she raised her hands on high ;  
And a mother's silent anguish  
Mantled in her piercing eye.  
Out then gushed Morayma's sorrow  
With a mighty burst of woe,  
For the joy of life was faded,  
And the flower of love lay low.  
And the minstrels sought to cheer her,  
But their song became a wail,  
And their words of feeble solace  
Told anew the woeful tale,—

For the accents of Boabdil  
She could never hear again,  
And the pride of all Granada  
Lay upon the battle-plain.  
Drearier swelled the wail of sorrow  
Far and wide and high and low,  
For the star of hope arose not  
On that rayless night of woe.

G. W. C.

## THE FALL OF GRANADA.

IN the war of races which was carried on in Spain in the fifteenth century, mingled with much that was base and unworthy, there was still exhibited much of true heroism and magnanimity,— qualities which indeed are more generally displayed in contests of this character than in any other. Towards the end of the war, as the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella became continually more and more successful, and the hope of final victory to which the Moors had so long clung was gradually abandoned for despair, many governors of towns and castles were induced to surrender the places entrusted to them, by the proffers not only of large sums of money to be paid immediately upon the ratification of the compact, but by promises of toleration and protection for the time to come. Compelled by the defection which was becoming more and more prevalent around him, Ali Aben Fahar, Alcayde of Purchena and Paterna, yielded up his authority to Ferdinand; but rejected indignantly all offers of personal remuneration, and prayed only for the lives and liberties of the people over whom he had been governor, and who could not tear themselves away from the land of their birth, rich with the recollections of former prosperity and grandeur, and endeared by the memory of happiness which their forefathers and themselves had there enjoyed. In Granada itself all was consternation, and every one counselled immediate surrender. The only voice that was lifted up against such a course was that of Muza ben Abil Gazan, and it was lifted up in vain. He departed from the palace of Alhambra in silent indignation, went home, and, issuing thence in full armour, rode through the streets of Granada, and, passing through the gate of Elvira, was never again seen or heard of. Boabdil himself soon after issued from his capital, never to re-enter it again; and he

made it his last request to his conqueror that none should be allowed hereafter to pass through the gate by which he himself departed, and the portal was immediately walled up in compliance with his request. See the Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada, chs lxxx. xcvi. and xcix.

THROUGH Granada near and far  
Burst a mighty storm of war,  
And the Christian, as he came,  
Left a track of blood and flame.

Strength availed not : guarded well,  
Leaguered tower and fortress fell ;  
And the Moslem hosts in vain  
Strove upon the battle-plain.

Then the slaughtered lay around,  
Reeking on the eumbered ground ;  
And the prowling beasts of prey  
Feasted richly night and day.

And in placee of gardens fair  
Frowned a desert scorched and bare ;  
Hill and vale, so rich of yore,  
Smiled in beauty now no more.

Joyous song and roundelay  
Cheered no more the close of day,  
As with tinkling castanet  
Merry groups of yore had met.

Youths and maidens now no more,  
When their daily toils were o'er,  
Listening to the light guitar,  
Danced beneath the evening star;

While the softly murmuring rill  
Trickled gently down the hill,  
And the fountain plashing near  
Made sweet music to the ear.

But beneath the lurid sky  
Flames of conquest glared on high;  
And, prevailing more and more,  
Boomed the cannon's deadly roar.

And the captive's hollow wail  
Swelled anon upon the gale,—  
And the shriek of mortal pain  
From the bloody battle-plain.

And— a sad and piteous sight—  
Morn and eve and noon and night,  
Stricken in the fiery fray  
Dead and dying mingled lay.

Then the throes of mortal fear  
Seized on all both far and near ;  
Every where was silence dread,  
As the stillness of the dead.

None did counsel battle more,  
For their day of hope was o'er ;  
But they drooped with vacant stare  
In the palsy of despair,—

As they watched their golden land  
Sullied by the foeman's hand,  
And beheld their fields afar  
Scorched beneath the blast of war.

Then anon the heralds bring  
Proffers from the Christian king ;  
And the brave mid death and pain  
Fell beneath the lust of gain.

“ Whoso yieldeth up,” they said,  
“ Yet, ere further blood be shed,  
Rock or castle, tower or hold,  
Shall be recompensed with gold.”

One by one they took their way  
To the leaguering camp each day,—  
Noble knight and proud alcayde,—  
For their hearts were sore afraid.

Then in low and humbled mood,  
In the victor’s sight they stood ;  
Each one meekly yielded there  
Castled crag and fortress fair,—

From the broad and sunny plain  
To the rugged mountain chain,  
Where the Alpuxarras rear  
Evermore their summits drear.

And forthwith in fitting meed  
Guerdons rich repaid the deed ;  
And of gifts most bright and fair  
Each received a costly share.

Thus arrayed in winning smile,  
Luring word and golden wile  
In the hour of mortal fear  
Deeper pierc'd than sword or spear.

One alone of all stood by  
With a fierce and kindling eye ;  
And his lip was wreathed in scorn  
For the shame he saw that morn.

Gloomily he stood apart,  
Watching with a bursting heart  
While, all shrinking and dismayed,  
Each his plighted trust betrayed.

Then it needed he should say  
Wherefore he had come that day ;  
Sad at heart, that warrior bold  
Briefly then his errand told :

“ Unto thee the keys I bring  
Of my fortalice, O king ;  
All the hearts I counted mine  
Lust of gold hath rendered thine.”

Then they brought him for his share  
Gifts exceeding rich and rare ;  
But in wrath and high disdain  
Brief reply he made again :

“ Not for lure of paltry gold  
Leaguered tower by me is sold :  
Look around thee ; thou may’st see  
What hath brought me unto thee.

“ See with cringing mien they stand,  
Perjured heart and dastard hand :  
When the soul is locked in thrall,  
Castle, fort, and tower must fall.”

Then the king in deep amaze  
On him fixed an eager gaze :  
“ Ere thou goest on thy way,  
Ask of me a boon this day.”

So he said his people fain  
In their homes would still remain  
With the Moslem faith and name  
As in time of ancient fame.

“Cavalier, thy words are fair;—  
For thyself hast thou no prayer?”

“In the home I loved of yore  
Now is all my sojourn o'er;

“Sick of soul and sad of heart,  
Fain would I far hence depart,—  
Though I bear a hidden woe  
With me, wheresoe'er I go.”

“Loyal heart and brave and true,  
As thou prayest will I do;—  
And thy people aye shall dwell  
In the homes they love so well.”

Lowly then he bowed his head,  
But no words of thanks he said,  
For the thoughts of former years  
From him forced unwilling tears.

So he left that bright array,  
Wending sadly on his way;  
And with fevered haste amain  
Spurred his war-horse o'er the plain.

And anon a silver sail  
Swelled beneath the gentle gale ;  
And the bark, in gay career,  
Stooped to kiss the waters clear.

Like a pale and waning star,  
Gleamed the Crescent from afar :  
So across the sea that day  
Sped the Moor upon his way.

To Granada's monarch came  
Tales of war, and blood, and flame ;  
And he said, " All earthly sway  
Like a vapour melts away."

When they heard those tidings drear,  
Every heart was bowed with fear,  
And awhile in silence still  
Pondered on the tales of ill.

Then Boabdil saw each day  
Terror only and dismay,  
Craven heart and drooping eye,  
As the Christian host drew nigh.

Through Alhambra's halls so fair  
Rose the counsel of despair,  
For all deemed the Moorish sway  
Was for ever passed away.

Then a warning voice was heard ;  
And awhile each heart was stirred,  
While from Muza's lips there came  
Words of scorn for thoughts of shame.

But the tyranny of fear  
Warped the soul and dulled the ear ;  
And their inmost heart was steeled  
Freedom, wealth, and fame to yield,—

So beneath the star of peace  
Might the deadly bale-fires cease,  
And throughout the blooming plain  
Mirth and song resound again.

Gleaming flashed from Muza's eye  
Burning scorn and anger high,  
As he painted all the woe  
They should suffer from the foe ;—

Shouts of hate,—and searing pain,—  
Wanton gibe and wild disdain,—  
Galling fetters, durance vile,  
Luring lie and deadly wile,—

Such the boon and guerdon fair  
To requite the Moslem's prayer,  
When unto the foe they yield  
And the fatal scroll is sealed.

“ But I shall not see the day  
When our name shall pass away ;  
Recreant heart and perjured hand,—  
These may dwell within the land.”

Silently he passed them by,  
As they gazed with wondering eye,  
And they heard his footsteps fall  
Gloomily through court and hall.

To his home he went, and then  
Donned his panoply again ;  
Waving plume, and glistening blade,—  
Nobly was the knight arrayed.

Then throughout the city street  
Pacing on his war-horse fleet,  
As in pomp of ancient fame,  
To Elvira's gate he came.

Then the portal wide they threw,  
As the horseman nearer drew ;  
Lowly bowed each sentinel,  
For they knew the warrior well.

Never word he spake, but straight  
Hastened from the city gate,  
And through all the sunny plain  
Never turned to gaze again.

From that day and hour, I ween,  
Never more was Muza seen ;  
Never mortal man hath known  
Whither went that warrior lone.

Then at last the hour of shame  
To Granada's monarch came ;  
And his sceptre passed away,  
Like the mist at break of day.

For the gloomy pomp arrayed  
Came the mournful cavaleade,  
While the foe in haughty state  
Paused before the city gate.

Then the Moor in sorrow there  
All Granada's realm so fair  
To the Christian king did yield,  
And the solemn compact sealed.

Then Boabdil to his foe  
Spake in bitterness of woe,  
“ Through the gate I pass this day,  
Let none other pass, I pray.”

Sullenly the portals close,  
As the exile onward goes :  
And of all that through them passed  
Was that mournful train the last.

Then with stones they clogged the way  
In a massy pile that day ; —  
There full oft the tale they tell,  
How the Moslem's glory fell.

Thus did cease the battle's roar,  
And the fiery blast was o'er ;  
And upon Granada's shore  
Flashed the beacon-flames no more.

G. W. C.

## THE REPROACH OF AYXA-LA-HORRA.

THE character of the mother of Boabdil el Zogoybi is well known. Endowed with a mind of masculine strength, while her virtues were such as to place her beyond the reach of slander or suspicion, she was enabled, herself, to escape the violence of her fierce husband, and to preserve her son from the effects of his capricious anger. While the last of the Moorish dynasty in Spain was upon the throne, her wisdom and resolution were the chief, if not the only, supports of a broken and tottering empire. To such a disposition the apathy and listlessness of her son would naturally appear the proximate cause of his proverbial ill-fortune, and it was under this feeling that, after the surrender of Granada, the bitterness of her sorrow displayed itself, as she exclaimed to her son, “Thou doest well to weep as a woman over what thou couldst not defend as a man.” How far a more resolute and successful sovereign might have been the instrument of delaying the downfall of the Moslem rule in Spain, it is not needful here to decide; that it could have been the means of realising the high expectations of Ayxa-la-Horra, no one can for a moment imagine who knows the aspect at that time, and the relative bearings, of the conflicting races—in a contest of which manifestly the only end could be the utter and final overthrow of either the one or the other.

### 1.

THE hour of shame hath come at last,  
 And thy sceptre passed away :  
 And thou, so late a king, must leave  
 Thy royal halls this day.

The pageant is preparing ;  
And fast the Christians throng,  
To mock thee in their furious hate,  
When thou shalt pass along.

## 2.

I have seen this moment coming,  
When all around seemed fair,  
As sudden tempests gather  
On the cloudless summer air ;  
I saw it, for it needed not  
A keen prophetic eye  
To read the tokens of thy fall,  
Ere yet the hour drew nigh.

## 3.

I warned thee of each darkening cloud,  
As heavily it rose  
The herald of a blacker storm,  
The sign of fiercer woes.  
I have warned thee at the early time,  
In sad and boding strain ;  
I have warned thee to the latest hour,  
But my warning was in vain.

## 4.

I told thee of thy kingly sires,  
The mighty deeds of yore,  
The chivalry of lofty souls,  
That nerves our hearts no more.

I pointed to each trophy,  
As they proudly hung around,  
The trophies of thy valiant sires  
With deathless glory crowned.

## 5.

But thine eye roved heedless o'er them ;  
And the tokens of thy fall  
Ne'er roused thee from thy lethargy  
To break the deadly thrall.  
Thou wouldest not hear my warning voice,  
For the sun shone bright to thee,  
And thou sawest not each little speck  
That read thy doom to me.

## 6.

Aye, the fatal spell was on thee,  
And its power bore down thy soul,  
As o'er the worn and shattered bark  
The wrathful waters roll.

The trumpet's note was heard for war,  
    But other tasks were thine,  
Tasks that, perchance, more fitted thee,  
    Last of a mighty line.

## 7.

Dost thou know of love's sweet witchery ?  
    Hast thou felt the deadly chain,  
Poor slave, without a passing care  
    For freedom once again,—  
As its magic led thee onward  
    More blindly hour by hour  
To barter for a bauble  
    The birthright of thy power ?

## 8.

Ha ! have I struck the note at last,  
    That through thy heart may thrill ?  
Though dead to all beside, to love  
    It beats responsive still.  
Nay, tell me not that mortal power  
    Could never stem the tide ;  
If as a king thou could'st not live,  
    A king thou might'st have died.

## 9.

But my words are idly spoken ;  
 'Tis too late to heed them now,  
 For the crown thy mighty sires have worn  
 No longer decks thy brow.  
 Thy life hath been a dream ; the spell  
 Was on thee night and day ;  
 Thou hast waked thee but in time to see  
 Thine empire pass away.

## 10.

Yea : thou must leave these halls this day ;  
 But soon the deadening spell,  
 When the star of love shall rise again,  
 Will soothe thy sorrows well.  
 Thou wilt hear the Christian's shout of scorn,  
 Though my voice thou would'st not hear,  
 And break the chain that bound thy soul,  
 Ere yet this hour drew near.

## 11.

But our day of pride is over ;  
 At thy royal city's gate,  
 Impatient for thy quick approach,  
 Thy Christian conquerors wait.

It were fruitless now to ponder,  
As the fleeting hours take wing,  
That, hadst thou waked from out thy sleep,  
Thou might'st have lived a king.

## 12.

But thy sceptre hath departed,  
And the Moorish sway is o'er ;  
And we leave Granada's golden land  
For Afric's barren shore.  
  
But thy name shall never perish,  
And every age shall tell  
How from the glory of his sires  
The last Boabdil fell.

G. W. C.

## EL ULTIMO SUSPIRO DEL MORO.

FEW perhaps have read the account of the surrender of Granada to Ferdinand and Isabella without feeling their sympathies powerfully enlisted on behalf of the fallen Moorish monarch : for, over and above the interest which must ever attach to fallen greatness, there are many traits in the not very forcible character of Boabdil which we feel should have exempted him from the keen and bitter reproach of his mother, and which cannot fail of drawing towards him fully as many as they may repel.

The spot is still pointed out, whence, as he reached the summit of the hill which overlooks the Alhambra, Boabdil surveyed for the last time the scene of his former empire. The name also still accompanies the tradition ; and the Spanish peasant, as he guides the traveller, fails not to tell of "The last sigh of the Moor."

### 1.

THERE is a sound of hurrying feet,  
 The gates are open wide :  
 And there are thronging crowds to gaze,  
     As forth the conquered ride.  
 With looks of deadliest hate and scorn  
     They mock the fallen foe,  
 As from their gorgeous halls of pride  
     The Moorish princes go.

## 2.

There is a sound of tramping steeds ;  
    But they move not to the fight ;  
And there the mailèd warriors come,  
    But not for war bedight.  
They move in slow and stately pace,  
    Their lances brightly gleam,  
Like the mountain-tops lit fitfully  
    By the setting sun's faint beam.

## 3.

They come unto the open gates,  
    The eager gazers throng  
To look upon the once dread foes  
    That had trampled on them long.  
And humbled here in dust shall be  
    Their eagle look of pride,  
Ere further on their mournful way  
    The Moorish bands may ride.

## 4.

There cometh one of kingly mien,  
    The keys are in his hand,  
As he goeth forth an exile  
    From fair Granada's land.

He yields them to the Christian king,  
And slowly onward goes;  
There is a sound of tramping steeds,  
And the gates behind him close.

## 5.

They look not back; their spears, held low,  
Glance in the sunlight still;  
And their heads are all in silence bowed,  
As they climb Alhambra's hill.  
Sad thoughts are busy at their hearts,  
As slowly on they ride,  
And leave behind that golden land,  
The garden of their pride.

## 6.

They have reached the summit of the hill,  
And some are hid from sight;  
On others still all brightly gleams  
The golden morning light.  
Then to his long loved home returned  
The Moorish monarch's gaze,  
As glowing in the quivering mist  
Its thousand turrets blaze.

## 7.

He looked upon the palaces  
Of his ancestral sway,  
And the glory of a hundred kings  
For ever passed away.  
All calmly in that flood of light  
Each minaret repos'd ;  
And scarce it seemed to him that there  
His own brief day was closed.

## 8.

He shed no tear, as long he gazed,  
But one last sigh he drew  
For the glad scenes of his early days,  
As they passed beneath his view.  
Sadly he breathed his last farewell,  
As back his glances roam,  
The last sigh of the Moorish king,  
As he passeth from his home.

## 9.

“ The golden dream is over,  
And the phantom colours fade ;  
Like the waking from a vision  
Is my pride in ruins laid.

Thy towers, Alhambra, glisten still,  
But they gleam no more for me :  
I may bear me wheresoe'er I will,  
So I come not back to thee.

## 10.

“ The world will rank me, well I know,  
'Mid vile and hated things,—  
Mean offspring of a noble race,  
Last of a line of kings.  
And the greatness of my fathers  
Shall but degrade the last,  
Like the glory of a cloudless sun  
At evening overcast.

## 11.

“ They will sing of noble heroes  
And the valiant deeds of old ;  
And 'mid their kingly exploits  
Shall Boabdil's shame be told.  
Perchance they judge me rightly,  
But I reck not what they deem :  
I gaze upon my early home,  
The palace of my dream.

## 12.

“ There are hearts will judge me kindly,  
There are hearts will love me yet ;  
Though the sun that dawned upon my birth  
’Mid heavy clouds hath set.  
There are things I prized more highly  
Than monarch’s scept’red sway ;  
And well I deem for fortune’s frown  
Love will not pass away.

## 13.

“ Thou hast loved me long, Morayma,  
Though the leaguered fortress fell :  
And, now my power hath passed away,  
Thou wilt love me still as well.  
I will bear thee to our southern clime  
Across the untamed sea,  
And, sad at heart for other days,  
Will borrow joy from thee.

## 14.

“ Farewell, I may not linger  
’Mid the scenes so loved of yore ;  
Farewell, Alhambra’s soaring towers !  
I may not see them more.

The golden dream is over,  
And the phantom colours fade ;  
Last of a line of mighty kings,  
Low is thy glory laid."

## 15.

"Tis past : that mournful train is gone ;  
No more their armour gleams,  
As faint, but now, and fitfully  
It caught the morning beams.  
As crept along each sleeping vale  
The light of early day,  
" The last sigh of the Moor" was breathed  
For empire passed away.

## 16.

There is a sound of hurrying feet,  
The tramp of steeds is heard :  
Like billows on the heaving sea,  
The gazing throng is stirred.  
And loud the shout of hate and scorn  
Is echoed o'er and o'er,  
" In fair Alhambra's palaces  
The Moslem dwells no more."

G. W. C.

## THE FIRST TE DEUM IN THE MOSQUE OF GRANADA.

THE surrender of Granada put an end to the Moslem dominion in Spain, after a period of nearly eight hundred years from the fall of Roderick the Goth. On the morning of the surrender, at the head of a splendid train, Ferdinand and Isabella set out from Santa Fé, the city which they had caused to be built in place of a camp during the siege. The most distinguished of the Spanish knights was Roderigo Ponce de Leon, Marquis Duke of Cadiz, not unworthy to be compared with his namesake the Cid Roderigo, or Ruy Diaz de Bivar, so illustrious for his successes against the Moors in the eleventh century. With him were other well-known names, as of Hernando del Pulgar,—“he of the exploits,” as they were wont to call him,—the princely Duke of Medina Sidonia, the Master of Calatrava, the Marquis de Villena, Don Juan de Avila, Don Alonzo de Aguilar, and others scarcely less celebrated. As the cavalcade reached Armilla, a short distance from the city, the silver cross was seen elevated on the Torre de la Vela by Hernando de Talavera, Bishop of Avila, and besides it was placed the banner of the apostle St. James; and a great shout of triumph was raised by the whole army. The principal mosque of Granada was consecrated as a cathedral. The entry of Ferdinand and Isabella took place on the Feast of Epiphany, the day of kings, in the year 1492.

### 1.

POUR forth the hymn of triumph,  
Ye Christian hosts of Spain;  
Through all Granada's sunny clime  
The Cross is reared again.

The night is past,—the morn is come,—  
The Crescent wanes away;  
No more through all the land of Spain  
Shall Moslem lord have sway.

## 2.

It was a blessed hour, I ween,  
When the weary strife was done,  
And once again the Holy Cross  
Rose glittering in the sun.  
On mosque and palace, tower and keep,  
They hailed it from afar,  
As glimmers on the brow of night  
The silver morning star.

## 3.

It was a weary strife, ere yet  
Lay trodden on the ground  
The accursed sign that led the hosts  
Of infidel Mahound,—  
Ere yet the star, that sunk in blood  
On Xeres' fatal plain,  
Uprose from out the shrouding mists  
To conquest once again.

## 4.

The morn is coming on the earth,  
Its early splendours rest  
In mantling hues of gold upon  
Each far-off mountain crest.  
And blent with every gorgeous tint  
The dazzling light appears,  
Where on the stern sierra sleep  
The snows of countless years.

## 5.

And sparkling in their silver course  
The Darro's waters flow,  
Where smiles amid the orange groves  
A happier clime below.  
There sleep Granada's palace homes,  
As imaged in a dream ;  
While ruddy in the quivering air  
Alhambra's turrets gleam.

## 6.

And like a storm-cloud stern and drear,  
Beneath the morning ray  
Seem telling of their wondrous birth  
The walls of Santa Fé :

And from its vast and frowning gates  
Pours forth a mighty throng,  
'Mid clash of spears and lances,  
As they slowly wind along.

## 7.

It is the Christian host of Spain ;  
The king is at their head :  
He leadeth those in triumph  
Whom he hath to battle led,  
As, glancing in their panoplies,  
They stretch across the plain,  
(I ween it was a glorious sight,)  
The chivalry of Spain.

## 8.

As all the chieftains of Castile  
Come wending on their way,  
And the princely lords of Aragon  
In all their glad array,  
And they who now in battle  
Have reaped their first renown,  
And they, who through a hundred fights,  
Have worn the hero's crown.

## 9.

And far above the thronging hosts  
Rodrigo's form uprose,  
The boast of every loyal soul,  
The terror of his foes.  
Bright gleams the eye that never quailed  
Upon the battle-plain,  
And flashes still the sword that ne'er  
In battle smote in vain.

## 10.

And he of many an exploit,  
With bright untarnished name,  
The pride of all true knightly hearts,  
Hernando onward came.  
And with helm and shield and buckler  
All gleaming from afar,  
Rode Calatrava's mighty lord,  
The terrible in war.

## 11.

There went, renowned in countless fields,  
Medina's princely son :  
And Avila the matchless  
For the trophies he hath won.

And there Villena's morion  
Is flashing like a star,  
And the spear and crest and hauberk  
Of the chief of Aguilar.

## 12.

On, on they wind, a glorious band,  
Along the Darro's side,  
With war-steeds tramping valiantly  
And banners waving wide.  
What meaneth now that deafening shout,  
Deep as the billow's roar,  
When the volume of its waters  
Bursts wildly on the shore ?

## 13.

'Tis come, the dream of ages,  
'Tis come, the blessed hour;  
The Holy Cross now gleameth  
On Granada's loftiest tower.  
How gloriously it riseth  
Upon the breathless air ;  
And every heart in all that host  
Beats tremulous in prayer.

## 14.

'Tis come, the dream of ages ;  
And they have not fought in vain,  
Who in the long and woeful strife  
Have swelled the heaps of slain ; —  
The youthful and the aged,  
The noble and the brave ; —  
Where'er they sleep, the Holy Cross  
Shall guard their hallowed grave.

## 15.

'Tis come, the dream of ages,  
Seen dimly from afar,  
The longing of thy heart of hearts,  
Ruy Diaz de Bivar.  
In faith of this glad triumph,  
When that heart did beat no more,  
Against the Moslem hosts thy steed  
Its ghastly burden bore ;

## 16.

For they placed thee stark and stiffened,  
Where thou wast wont to be,  
When the trumpet pealed the bidding  
To the battle's revelry.

And to thee, a voiceless conqueror,  
Upon the stricken field  
The living to the lifeless  
In mortal fear did yield.

## 17.

And in faith of this high triumph,  
Before Granada's gate  
The wondrous walls of Santa Fé  
Rose pitiless as fate,  
That never should the battle cease  
And ne'er the strife be done,  
Till on Granada's towers the Cross  
Should glitter in the sun.

## 18.

'Tis come, the dream of ages;  
And the deafening shout arose,  
And "Santiago" pealed the cry,  
"The Cross hath quelled its foes."  
Once more they wind, a glorious band,  
Along the Darro's side,  
With war-steeds tramping valiantly  
And banners waving wide.

## 19.

'Tis come, the hope of ages,—  
From the walls of Santa Fé  
Still poureth forth a ceaseless stream,  
Still winds the glad array.  
And the sun is bright above them,  
But no smile is spread around,  
Where the wreck of war still lingers  
On the scorched and gaping ground.

## 20.

The songs that echoed once from out  
The orange-groves are still :  
The vine no more with twining clasp  
Clings fondly to the hill.  
The citron blooms not in the vale,  
Nor droops the nodding grain ;  
For though the strife be over,  
Its curse will yet remain.

## 21.

But soon the cypress and the palm  
Shall clothe the land once more :  
And songs from out the myrtle groves  
Shall echo as of yore.

But never more the Moslem's hymn  
Shall there be heard again,  
And never more the crescent shine  
Through all the land of Spain.

## 22.

And now within Granada's gates  
That joyous train has passed :  
And the Christian comes in triumph  
To Alhambra's halls at last.  
Not now before the Paynim mosque  
Is gathered a Paynim throng,  
But priests with cross and banner  
Pass solemnly along.

## 23.

Within the pile, high over all,  
The Cross its radiance flung ;  
And the proud banner of St. James  
In golden glory hung.  
And all the fairest flowers of earth,  
The treasures of the mine,  
Were hallowed for the blessed rite  
Before the blazing shrine.

## 24.

And now throughout that mighty pile  
Each knightly warrior kneels,  
While o'er them rising slowly  
The mantling incense steals :  
And as from out the veiling mist  
The altar gleamed again,  
Uprose the glad Te Deum,  
Uprose the heavenly strain.

## 25.

And louder yet and louder  
Rolled on the exulting song,  
And arch on arch and dome on dome  
Reechoed it along.  
With gladdening strain, I ween, as high  
The flashing censers swung,  
Within the Moslem's place of prayer,  
The blissful anthem rung.

## 26.

Not now it rose, as once before  
Was heard the blessed strain,  
Ere forth went King Rodrigo  
To Xeres' fatal plain ;

While far beyond in whitening lines  
The Paynim tents were seen,  
And blooming as in mockery  
Lay the battle-ground between.

## 27.

On many a knight right good and true  
The sun uprist that day,  
Whose soul amid that ghastly fight  
Ere evening passed away.  
And all the Gothie chivalry  
That hailed the morn so proud,  
Ere evening-tide lay weltering  
Beneath a bloody shroud.

## 28.

Not now knelt King Fernando,  
As Rodrigo knelt that morn,  
While to his ear the hurried sounds  
Of coming strife were borne ;  
When the guilt of sins forgotten  
Lay on him like a charm ;  
And, all unfelt, a sleepless spell  
Unnerved his iron arm.

## 29.

'Tis o'er, 'tis o'er ; full sad and long  
The dreary night hath been :  
But the shadows scare no longer,  
When the morning star is seen.  
All past, those weary ages,  
All past the countless years ;  
On mosque and tower the Christian host  
Its holy standard rears.

## 30.

Within, rolled on the blessed strain ;  
Without, the shout arose,  
And " Santiago " swelled the cry  
" The Cross hath quelled its foes."  
And never more from thence, I ween,  
That hallowed sign shall roam ;  
The Christian comes to dwell for aye  
Within the Moslem's home.

## 31.

It is the hour of triumph,  
Ye Christian hosts of Spain ;  
The Cross through all Granada  
Is gleaming once again.

The night is past,—the morn is come—  
The Crescent wanes away :  
No more through all the land of Spain  
Shall Moorish lord have sway.

## 32.

It is the hour of triumph ;  
Yet louder raise the strain,  
And shout for all your glory,  
O chivalry of Spain !  
For 'tis come,—the dream of ages ;  
The Moslem's day is done ;  
And on Granada's towers the Cross  
Is glittering in the sun.

G. W. C.

## A LEGEND OF THE ALHAMBRA.

THE following legend is derived from Washington Irving's Tales of the Alhambra, where the incidents may be found under the stories of the three Moorish Princesses and the Rose of the Alhambra. The first and second parts of the legend are comprised under the former of these two tales ; the latter narrates the mode in which the spell was broken, as in the third part.

The story may be shortly told as follows. During the long struggles between the Christian and Moslem powers in Spain, one of the Moorish kings had three daughters, whose affections were won by three Spanish captives, and an agreement made that after the liberation of the prisoners the princesses should fly with them to their own land. At the crisis, however, the youngest drew back, her timidity and affection for her father struggling with her desire to accompany her lover and embrace his faith. In punishment for this defection, she was after death compelled to haunt the scenes of her former life, until some one should break the spell by baptizing her into the faith which she had rejected while living. Ages passed away, and with them the Moorish rule in Spain ; and in the days of the Emperor Charles V., a maiden, called from her beauty the Rose of the Alhambra, was wooed by one of the imperial pages, who, on the departure of Charles from Granada, accompanied his master, and apparently retained no remembrance of the promises which he had made. In sorrow of heart the maiden approached the fountain in the Alhambra, which was supposed to be especially haunted by the phantom of the unfortunate Moorish princess. The hours passed by unnoticed, and at midnight the spectre appeared and asked the cause of her distress. On hearing it she told her own tale, and prayed her to break the spell which bound her by sprinkling water upon her in the Holy Name. The maiden complied with her request, and the phantom vanished away, leaving at her feet a silver lyre, which was made the means of restoring to her the affections of her faithless lover.

## PART I.

IF ever on the days of old  
Thy thoughts with lingering fondness dwell,  
Hear not with careless heart or cold,  
The Legend of the Well.

Beneath Alhambra's crumbling wall  
Still a pure fount of water plays  
By day, and when the moonbeams fall,  
As in the former days :—

When turbaned Moors with flashing spear  
And scimetar upreared on high  
The Crescent, and in mortal fear  
The Christian's hope did lie.

But when again the Cross uprose  
To consecrate that spot so fair,—  
Gently as now its water flows,  
That fountain murmured there.

And then the Christian maidens came  
To where its silvery eddies play ;  
Nor aught of fear their sense could frame,  
Whene'er they came by day.

But those that hither drew, when night  
Had dimmed the doubtful evening shade,—  
Beneath the pale moon's quivering light  
They saw a Moorish maid.

She rose from out that silver wave,  
And raised her claspèd hands on high,  
Like phantom from a lonely grave,  
So coldly sad her eye.

A robe of white was round her thrown,  
So thin,—so pure,—'twas light as air ;  
Nor aught of human flesh and bone  
Was in that form most fair.

And straight the Christian maids would fly  
Through terror of that vision pale ;  
And few would dare to venture nigh,  
Scared by the fearful tale.

'Twas thus,—if e'er they lingered near,—  
With claspèd hands she meekly prayed  
That they would lend a listening ear  
To her sad plaint for aid ;

And speak the words of hope and peace,  
And on her pour the healing wave,  
That she at last might win release,  
And rest within her grave.

And when (as aye it thus befell)  
They shrank to hear what she would say,  
Sadly beneath that silvery well  
She slowly passed away,—

So gently and so mournfully,  
With hands meek folded on her breast ;—  
Hard were the heart that could deny  
The boon she would request.

Yet year on year, year after year,  
The Moorish maiden's plaint did fall  
On many a cold and heedless ear,  
That recked not mercy's call ;

Unless perchance 'twere fear that chilled  
The warmer current of their heart,  
As, with a sudden terror filled,  
They turned them to depart.

Year after year, year after year,  
She rose beneath the moonbeams pale,  
To see if any might be near  
To listen to her tale.

With claspèd hands and tearful eye,  
She sat and mourned beside the wave,  
“O why could they not bid her lie  
In peace within her grave ?”

And ever thus from year to year,  
As wearily her moan she made,  
None paused to lend a listening ear  
To her sad plaint for aid.

## PART II.

Ev'n thus each night the Moorish maid  
Her gentle tale of sorrow told,  
Where still the murmuring waters played  
As in the days of old.

“Once more the torturing spell hath power  
To rouse me from my troubled grave ;  
And I must watch, the midnight hour,  
Beside this glassy wave.

“ All dimly in the slumbrous air  
Alhambra’s thousand turrets rise ;  
While sleeping in the moonbeams fair  
Each hill and valley lies.

“ Ah me ! the lingering years wear on ;  
The fountain murmurs gently still ;  
I hear, as in the days bygone,  
Each distant mountain rill.

“ I hear across the golden vale  
The tones that tell the midnight hour ;  
I see beneath the moonbeams pale  
Each turret, hall, and bower,—

“ How different now, and yet the same,  
As when, in pride of youthful bloom,  
Through all these gorgeous halls I came,  
Undimmed by care or gloom.

“ Far, far through all the long-past years  
My spirit roams, and tracks again  
The current of its hopes and fears,—  
Each early joy and pain.

“ O dazzling days of pomp and pride,  
When fresh in youth’s exulting prime  
I moved as fair as aught beside  
In all that golden clime ; —

“ When many a gallant warrior-train  
With burnished helm and glancing spear  
Passed proudly to the battle-plain  
With war-note loud and clear.

“ I think not now on pomp and power :  
On empire past I dwell not more :  
A softer and a sadder hour  
Is brought mine eyes before.

“ He came, the captive Christian knight,  
A stranger to the Moslem’s hall :  
I gazed, nor knew in my delight  
Lurked an unconscious thrall.

“ Ah happy days of love and bliss,  
As more and more our souls were blended ;  
O would with joy as deep as this  
Our life and love had ended.

“ And oft he named the Blessed Name,  
And my heart went with his the while ;  
Yet fears unbidden went and came,  
And chilled the passing smile.

“ He went unto his land again ;  
I dared not go,—I could not stay :—  
And so I wove my secret chain,  
That fatal parting day.

“ Ah me ! the weary, weary years,  
I sit and mourn beside the wave,  
And mar the fountain with my tears  
Beside my troubled grave.

“ In vain, in vain ; the treacherous star,  
That gleamed awhile so bright and near,  
Now coldly seems to shine from far,  
So falsely fair and clear.

“ In vain, in vain ; the morning ray  
Full soon will flush the eastern sky,  
And I must vanish hence away  
Until the night draw nigh,—

“ When aye the weary spell hath power  
 To wake me from my troubled grave  
 That I may watch, the midnight hour,  
 Beside this glassy wave.”

And ever thus from year to year  
 As gently still her moan she made,  
 None paused to lend a listening ear  
 To her sad plaint for aid.

## PART III.

Age after age had passed away,  
 And hope on hope had faded long  
 In sad and slow but sure decay,  
 Though hope be very strong.

And now an olden tale it seemed,  
 How, reared on high by Paynim hand,  
 The hated Crescent once had gleamed  
 O'er all that golden land ; —

And how, when came the Christian's time,  
 The flower of Moslem chivalry  
 Had sought them out their fathers' clime  
 Beyond the southern sea.

But ever sorrow hath its power,  
And every heart its woe hath known,  
As o'er our path from hour to hour  
The shadowy veil is thrown.

One eve a maiden wandered near,  
And musing sat beside the well,  
While soothingly upon her ear  
Its gentle murmur fell.

In sad and mournful mood she seemed ;  
Her head was drooped upon her hand,  
As one who in her exile dreamed  
Of some far distant land ; —

While feebly from the city street  
The fitful sounds were borne from far  
Of varying groups that mingling meet  
Beneath the evening star.

And deeper still the shadows closed ;  
And the pale moonbeams, as they fell,  
In one soft line of sheen repos'd  
Upon the silvery well.

The maiden mused beside the stream  
With tearful eye and drooping head,  
While o'er her form one tender gleam  
Of quivering light was shed.

And suddenly the waters clear  
With hurried murmur seemed to flow ;  
And swifter struck upon her ear  
Its ripple calm and low.

Then rose from out that fountain lone  
A maiden form most bright and fair,  
With robe of white around her thrown  
As pure and thin as air.

“ Why weep’st thou by this silver wave ? ”  
In sweet and thrilling tone she said ;  
“ And why above my sleepless grave  
Are tears of sorrow shed ? ”

“ I weep for one who comes not more ; —  
I mourn for troth and love betrayed : —  
So faithless now, so fond before, —  
So treacherous visions fade.

“ The months are slowly rolling by,  
And wearier grows my heart each day ;  
The hopes, that cheered while he was nigh,  
Are flitting fast away.”

“ Weep not ; — while yet in earthly frame,  
Thy cares and sorrows were mine own :  
Our pains and griefs may be the same,  
The gladness thine alone.

“ Weep not ; thy woes shall have an end ;  
Thy joy is yet in store for thee :  
Then, gentle maiden, list and lend  
A pitying ear to me.

“ I pray thee, in His mighty name,  
Who for thee on the Cross did die,  
To grant the boon for which I came,  
Ere yet the hour pass by.

“ O speak the words of hope and peace,  
And on me pour the healing wave,  
That I at last may win release,  
And rest within my grave.”

She clasped her hands ; she bent her head :  
The maiden raised her arm on high :  
O'er her the silvery wave she shed  
Beneath that moonlit sky.

And when the holy words had ceased,  
She crossed her hands upon her breast :  
And gently, from the spell released,  
She vanished to her rest.

She comes not to the fountain more :  
She mourns not now beside the wave :  
Her fitful weary watchings o'er,  
She sleeps within her grave.

And oft the village maidens now  
The Moorish phantom's legend tell :  
As, bright of eye, and bold of brow,  
They meet around the well,

Beneath Alhambra's crumbling wall,  
Where still its murmuring water plays,  
By day, and when the moonbeams fall,  
As in the former days.

## SONGS OF THE CONQUEST.



## SONGS OF THE CONQUEST.

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IT is only quite recently that the real nature of the great events of the eleventh century, the fall of our native monarchy, and the establishment of an alien dynasty on the throne of England, have been thoroughly understood. To enter into any political or historical examination of the numerous questions which at once present themselves at their very mention, would be altogether foreign to the design of the present publication. Poetry, especially of the class to which most of these compositions belong, is concerned rather with men than with nations, or, at all events, views nations only in their most outward and, as it were, personal aspect. It is sufficient if the real spirit and costume of an epoch be so preserved as to make the picture more vivid in the eyes of the historical student,

without making it so over allusive as to become repulsive to the ordinary reader.

It is therefore mainly with the *persons* of this great drama that the present series of poems is concerned. And these have been at least as much misconceived as the more recondite aspect of the period. It is only quite of late that the character of our last national prince, and of the house from which he sprung, has been rescued from the calumnies of eight centuries by the labours of those great historical inquirers of whom our age has so much reason to be proud. And still more recently has the view which at once rests on the soundest evidence and is in itself the most acceptable to every true-hearted Englishman been made familiar to all, in a tale in which one hardly knows whether most to admire the acuteness and diligence of historical investigation, or the force of poetic creation and pictorial grouping. The whole of these poems, with the single exception of the one headed “King Harold’s Funeral,” have been written since the appearance of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton’s magnificent romance; and

while the authors thankfully acknowledge the many points in which thoughts and phrases have been suggested to them by it, they cannot forbear adding their testimony to its extreme accuracy—altogether wonderful in a work of fiction—as an historical picture, in every point at all essential to the right understanding of the period.

The first poem of the five is altogether imaginative, and is entirely suggested by the romantic and unhistoric portion of the tale of “Harold.” The famous story of Edith of the Swan’s Neck can hardly be considered as a piece of authentic history; probability is the highest rank to which it can lay claim. Under these circumstances no one can regret the beautiful fiction which Sir E. Bulwer Lytton has founded upon it; one which, though purely the creation of his own genius, he has so carefully preserved from in any way contradicting the recorded facts of the history. The main features of *his* tale of Edith are taken for granted in the present poem; the early love of Harold for Edith; the

impediment to their marriage in their remote consanguinity; his unwilling and political marriage with Ealdgyth, the daughter of Ælfgar, are all, as seemed most natural in a piece put into the mouth of Harold himself, rather assumed than stated. But without some such mention as this, the scope of the poem might be misconceived by any reader (if any such there be) unacquainted with Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's romance. Whether Harold's marriage with Ealdgyth was other than a match of affection is of course a question beyond the province of history; it is certain that the connexion was one marvellously calculated to promote his political interests.

In the present poem, however, two deviations have been made from the story of "Harold." Edith has been represented as *unconscious* of Harold's attachment. It appeared to the writer that his treatment of the subject would be the most effective in a short occasional piece, while it is equally clear that it could not, so well as that actually adopted by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton,

have been carried out through the whole extent of a romance.

Secondly, one or two allusions will be found to Harold's children. Of these, as of Harold's former marriage, no notice is taken by Sir E. B. Lytton ; though not absolutely inconsistent with his story, their introduction would have considerably marred its effect. But that Harold was a widower at the time of his marriage with Ealdgyth, may, although the name of his first wife has not been preserved, be regarded as proved by the number and age of the children whom he left ; namely, two daughters and four sons, some of whom were capable of bearing arms within three years after the death of their father. Now, from the date of his marriage with Ealdgyth, these last at least could not have been her children, and none of them are spoken of as being illegitimate.

The two poems on the Battle of Hastings itself require little or no comment. Most of the details will be found in some one or other of the many accounts of the fight. Some apology may

perhaps appear due for the introduction of two pieces on precisely the same subject; but, as each had been composed in entire ignorance of a similar intention being entertained by the other writer, and as the manner in which the subject is treated in the two is altogether different, there did not seem any reason for omitting either.

The fourth piece, entitled “King Harold’s Funeral,” was written long before any of the others, and indeed, as was above stated, some years before the appearance of Sir E. B. Lytton’s romance. It is necessary to bear this in mind, on account of its inconsistency with the preceding one, owing to its following the popular notion of Edith as the mistress of Harold, or, at all events, the “*mulier quam ante sumptum regimen dilexerat.*”

The last of this group, as being on a subject much less familiarly known, may require some explanation. It has been introduced both as being on a very striking subject in itself, and with the view of calling attention to the fact,

first pointed out by Thierry and Sir James Mackintosh, that England was not conquered in a single battle. It was, in fact, seven years before the Norman held undisputed sway throughout the whole land. Among the events of this long warfare, the temporary revival of the native English royalty at York, in the year 1069, in the person of Eadgar Ætheling, stands out as one of the most prominent. This was effected by a union of the native chiefs of Northumberland with the army sent to their aid by Svend Estrithson, King of the Danes, who, as nephew of Canute and cousin of Harold, was especially interested in the affairs of England, besides the close community of blood between the Danes and Northumbrians in general. William, however, recovered York the next year, having induced Osbiorn, the Danish commander, by a large bribe, to desert the English cause. A horrible devastation of all the surrounding country was the effect of his vengeance.



## HAROLD AND EDITH.

## 1.

THE rite is done ; and now I am a king,  
And I have felt the crown upon my brow,  
And I have sat and seen a princely ring,  
My peers of late, before my footstool bow,  
As round me thronged the noble and the brave,  
And bade me grasp the gift that England gave.

## 2.

I heard them hail the king whose own right hand  
Hath won the sceptre he alone can wield ;  
And now upon my native earth I stand,  
Her lord in sages' court and tented field ;  
My heart to counsel, and my arm to stay,  
While foe and traitor mark her for their prey.

## 3.

A crown is mine ; and yet no sires gone by  
Have left to me what they might hold no more ;  
Nor doth my realm behold with shrinking eye  
A king whose throne is dabbled with her gore ;  
Boast ye who may a father's kingly grave,  
Be mine the crown a free-born people gave.

## 4.

I am a king indeed ; full oft have I  
Heard the glad shout of conquering thousands rise  
At Harold's name ; yet never such a cry  
Struck on mine ear, as when the gleaming prize  
Of all my toils upon this brow was laid,  
And England hailed the king herself had made.

## 5.

Nor did I stand alone ; there at my side  
Were all the faithful ones of Godwin's line,  
Leofwine and Gyrth and Haco, and the pride  
Of mine own strength ; too weak as yet to shine  
In court or camp ; yet did your young hearts bound,  
To see your sire with Alfred's circlet crowned.

## 6.

And thou wast there, my mother ; deep the woe  
That thou hast borne ; yet none, I fain would deem,  
Hath come from me : one son in death lies low,  
And one is worse than dead ; yet fondest dream  
Of mother's love no prouder hopes could build,  
Than thy glad eyes have seen this day fulfilled.

## 7.

And yet there was a void—my heart beat high,  
My soul was all on fire, as every tongue  
Pealed forth my name, and every gazing eye  
Was turned on me — who deemed that aught had  
flung  
A shade of grief, where all things seemed to bless,  
And dashed the cup of pride with bitterness ?

## 8.

For thou wast there ; yea in the very hour  
They raised me on the shield, and hailed me king,  
One dearer looked upon my new-born power  
Than brother, child, or mother ; 'mid the ring  
Of nearest ones I saw thee, and a smile,  
Like but thine own, played o'er thy cheeks the while.

## 9.

Joy kindled in thine eye, as thou didst see  
Thy friend and brother on a kingly throne ;  
Grief clouded his who fondly gazed on thee,  
To think thou ne'er mightst share it as thine own ;  
Thine all the harmless glee of youthful time,  
And my first kingly thought a thought of crime.

## 10.

Edith, my loved one ! I may speak that word,  
When none can hear me, and it glads me still  
'Mid shame and sorrow ; thou hast never heard,  
Hast never dreamed, what thoughts my bosom fill ;  
Or thou hadst turned away, nor I from thee  
Had won those looks which yet must priceless be.

## 11.

Oft have I wondered, as thy laughing eyes  
Have met my fervent gaze, and smiled again,  
All harmless and unknowing ; oft the prize  
That kings might war for in my hand hath lain,  
And thou hast felt not in that brief caress  
The grasp of love's own speechless tenderness.

## 12.

Happy and pure as lovely ; no wild burst  
Of passion stirs thy heart ; thou dost not know  
His grief who in his blessedness is curst,  
And banished in his nearness ; nor the woe  
Of a sealed heart which every thought may tell,  
Save that with which its very life-strings swell.

## 13.

I am to thee a brother ; what art thou  
To me ? I dare not speak it, while I see  
A bright one with a crown upon her brow  
Throned at my side — daughter of princes she,  
Mother of kings, if aught by favouring Heaven  
Of light or life to Godwin's house is given.

## 14.

King, husband, father — why to thee, sweet maid,  
Still hath my heart for all its gladness sought ?  
I will not say that it hath never strayed  
To joys forbidden ; but avaunt the thought —  
For who would mar the very life of all,  
Without whose charm thy beauty's self would pall ?

## 15.

What would I? All that thou canst give is mine,  
All that a brother from thy love might claim;  
Sweet looks, sweet words, the hand oft clasped in thine,  
The low soft breathing of thy darling name;  
Yet when all this my heart hath most enjoyed,  
That very hour I feel the dreariest void.

## 16.

I know not what I crave; still let it be  
As it hath been; let me be blest as now,  
Though in my very bliss is agony;  
Still let me gaze upon thy sunny brow,  
Still drink in thy sweet voice, still cling to thee,  
With love that hopeless, speechless, aye must be.

## 17.

This, and I ask no more; though years roll by,  
And merry England's king be sad at heart;  
But spare one vision to my burning eye,  
Spare to my maddened soul one keenest smart;  
Let me not see another at thy side,  
To claim the joys that are to me denied.

## 18.

Let me not see, why I must stand afar,  
Another who may revel in thy charms—  
Be he as dear as Gyrth and Leofwine are,  
He turns to foe and rival in thine arms—  
Nor look on those who thee for mother claim,  
Yet lisp not Harold as their father's name.

## 19.

But hark, far other sounds are in mine ear,  
These are not dreams for kings when strife is nigh ;  
I hear the Norman trumpet pealing near,  
I hear another Harold's battle-cry.  
Out, Holy Rood ! soon in that maddening roar  
Must England reign where Edith reigns no more.

E. A. F.

## THE FIELD OF HASTINGS.

Εἰ γὰρ ἐλευθερίης πειρήσαιο, οὐκ ἀν δόρυσι συμβούλεύοις ἡμῖν περὶ αὐτῆς μάχεσθαι, ἀλλὰ καὶ πελέκεσι. — Herod. vii. 135.

## 1.

'TWAS on the field of Senlac,  
On Saint Calixtus' day,  
That we heard the Norman trumpet  
Sound proudly for the fray ;  
And we girded on our harness,  
And we formed a bristling ring,  
Where the White Horse banner waved on high  
O'er England's chosen king.

## 2.

King Harold stood before our lines,  
'Twas a gallant sight, I ween,  
Than the king that English hearts had made  
No braver might be seen ;  
He looked upon us fondly  
With his eye of clearest blue,  
And he waved his mighty battle-axe  
All in the foeman's view.

## 3.

Then out and spake King Harold ;  
And we blessed him as we heard,  
And axe and javelin loudly clashed  
At every gracious word—  
“ I stand before you here this day,  
The guard of England’s right,  
The king yourselves have chosen  
For counsel and for fight.

## 4.

“ Now for the laws of every king  
That right and freedom gave,  
Now for the shrines of every saint  
That guards a father’s grave ;  
Now for the children ye would save  
From the tyrant’s bitter sway,  
And the great name of England,  
Be Englishmen to-day.

## 5.

“ Fear not their trampling horses,  
Nor the archer’s distant band ;  
Stand firm upon your native earth,  
And meet them hand to hand ;

Lift high the mightier weapon  
That mocks at lance and bow,  
The axe that cleaves through shield and helm  
To the life-strings of the foe.

## 6.

“ Think of the fight yourselves have won  
But seven short days ago,  
Think how the Waster of the World  
Before your arms lay low :  
Think how your axes clave to earth  
The Norseman’s serried shield ;  
Shall they who smote Hardrada  
To a dainty Frenchman yield ?

## 7.

“ Stand stedfast, Dane and Saxon,  
For your fathers’ rights this day,  
For the laws, and tongue, and freedom,  
That your foes have cast away ;  
So let the knights of Frankland flee  
From Alfred’s yeomen true,  
So let the sons of Guthorm scourge  
The renegades of Rou.”

## 8.

Hark, the war-cries loud are pealing,  
Each foeman's ear to greet,  
Like the wild roar of the foaming waves,  
When two ocean currents meet ;  
“ God help us ” rises proudly,  
Like the swelling floods of Seine ;  
But the thunder-shout of “ Holy Rood ”  
Sweeps on like the northern main.

## 9.

Hurrah ! the foes are moving,  
They are coming on amain,  
Ten thousand horse-hoofs clatter  
O'er Senlac's battle-plain :  
Their helmets nod full gallantly,  
Their lances brightly shine,  
But fiercer the glare of the lifted axe  
O'er the Saxon's serried line.

## 10.

Hurrah ! the foes are on us,  
Our axes sweep on high ;  
Hurrah ! hurrah ! at every sweep  
The horse and his rider die :

Upon them good King Harold,  
With every Kentish thane ;  
Upon them Gyrth and Leofwine,  
And Haco son of Sweyn.

## 11.

Then vain were spear and destrier,  
Then vain was shaft and bow,  
As King Harold, son of Godwin,  
Stood forth to meet his foe :  
As helmets high were shivered,  
And lance-heads strewed the ground,  
Where'er the Northern battle-axe  
Had dealt its ghastly wound.

## 12.

A knight hath spurred his charger  
The monarch's sweep within,  
And the head-piece of that daring knight  
Is cleft from crown to chin ;  
Far off his steed is bounding,  
As his lord is lying low,  
King Harold stands upon his corpse,  
And craves another foe.

## 13.

Another spear is at his breast,  
Another helm nods high ;  
Another sweep, and helm and spear  
All crushed and shivered lie.  
King Harold greets his gallant thanes,  
Loud cheering as they view,  
“ So doth the scythe of Hengest mow  
The barley-fields of Rou.”

## 14.

Then rose the shout of conquest  
From Saxon and from Dane ;  
One pealing shout of “ Holy Rood ”  
Reechoed through the plain ;  
It pealed where Bastard William rode  
High on his steed of snow,  
It pealed where cursed Odo gave  
His benison of woe.

## 15.

Rank after rank is charging,  
But the wedge still cleaves its way,  
And rank on rank is falling fast  
Where the lifted axes play ;

Wave after wave comes foaming on  
In the Normans tempest shock,  
Wave after wave is dashed away  
From the Kentman's rifted rock.

## 16.

So through the hottest battle  
We urged our blasting way,  
And the White Horse of Hengest waved  
In triumph o'er the fray ;  
And his stout hoofs trampled in the dust  
The Leopard's puny might,  
As we battled for the Saxon crown  
And the Saxon people's right.

## 17.

But King Harold, son of Godwin,  
The prince of all the land,  
Down went the bravest of the foe  
Beneath his good right hand ;  
Down went the lordly baron,  
Down went the hireling slave,  
Before his glance who wore the crown  
That a free-born people gave.

## 18.

But proudly still the banners  
Float in the farther sky,  
And a mightier war-shout tells us  
Of a mightier foeman nigh ;  
A thousand lances glimmer,  
A thousand pennons wave,  
Fast by the royal standard  
That the Holy Father gave.

## 19.

A thousand lances glimmer ;  
And, high o'er the highest there,  
The war-club of the Bastard  
Is whirling in the air ;  
Now to the van King Harold,  
With every Kentish thane,  
Now to the van each Englishman,  
As ye curse a stranger's reign.

## 20.

The battle-axe is lifted,  
The lance is levelled true,  
Firm stands the wall of Hengest  
'Neath the thunder-charge of Rou ;

A hundred knights are sinking  
From stirrup and from selle,  
And a hundred thanes are falling,  
Each smiting as he fell.

## 21.

But high above the tumult  
Two mightier weapons ring,  
The war-club of the Bastard,  
And the axe of England's king ;  
Each dealing death around him  
Where'er his glance is seen,  
Each pressing fast where he sees afar  
His rival's buckler's sheen.

## 22.

O 'twas the strife of giants,  
'Twas the strife of days gone by,  
Which the gods our fathers worshipped  
Might have seen with raptured eye,  
As the lordly Duke came thundering on,  
Like Woden in his might,  
When Asgard's hosts are marshalling  
For the last and deadliest fight.

## 23.

Right gallant knights are pressing fast  
By the standard of their lord,  
Right well they guide the levelled spear,  
Right well they wield the sword ;  
But aye Duke William's helmet  
Nods foremost in the war,  
And aye Duke William's battle-cry  
The loudest peals afar.

## 24.

But King Harold, son of Godwin,  
The prince of all the land,  
Firm stands he with his calm blue eye,  
With his lifted axe in hand ;  
He hath marked his foeman coming,  
He hath primed him for the strife,  
One moment, and earth's mightiest  
Had met for death and life.

## 25.

But the spear of Gyrth is piercing  
His horse's scales between ;  
Two inches higher, and merry England  
A master had never seen ;

High rears the steed in anguish,  
In dust his rider lies,  
And deemed each man that saw him fall  
That darkness veiled his eyes.

## 26.

Then rose the shout of conquest  
From Saxon and from Dane,  
As we saw the mighty Bastard  
Lie stretched upon the plain ;  
Now English thanes are charging  
And pressing on amain,  
And Norman knights are falling back,  
As they deemed their hero slain.

## 27.

But close around the fallen  
Gather his bravest still ;  
One breathing-space, and firm again  
He stands, and feels no ill ;  
Another steed, another charge,  
And, foremost in the fray,  
The war-club of the Bastard  
Still cleaves its blasting way.

## 28.

He hath torn his vizor from his face,  
And, scowling o'er the field,  
His brows are knit, his teeth are gnashed,  
To see his chosen yield.

“ Ten thousand curses on the man  
That deems of me as slain,  
I live, par la resplendar Dè,  
And, while I live, will reign.”

## 29.

He spake, and burst yet fiercer  
Upon our bristling line,  
And the flower of France came pressing on  
Where the golden leopards shine,  
D'Aumale, and Bruce, and Grantmesnil,  
And Mallet's knightly pride,  
And cursed Odo waves his staff  
Fast by his brother's side.

## 30.

But all in vain the chargers,  
Where the Kentman stands at bay,  
And all in vain the lances,  
Where the lifted axes play ;

Still trampled is the pennon,  
Still cleft the blazoned shield,  
And the victor shout of “Holy Rood”  
Still thunders o’er the field.

## 31.

O woe for merry England,  
And England’s chosen king,  
Woe for the tale of sorrow  
That gleeman may not sing;  
The Frank comes on in conquest,  
On high the Leopard gleams,  
And few the hearts that gather still  
Where the White Horse banner streams.

## 32.

O woe for merry England,  
Her blunted axe lies low,  
And scattered is the serried line  
That stemmed the charging foe;  
And the flagging cry of “Holy Rood”  
Is raised, but raised in vain,  
Where the war-shout of “God help us”  
Loud thunders o’er the plain.

## 33.

But 'twas no combat hand to hand  
That smote down England's king,  
No charge of open battle  
That broke her bristling ring,  
No strife of warriors' hearts and hands  
That Northern tongues may tell,  
But the practised lie, the feignëd flight,  
That the lying Frank suits well.

## 34.

But King Harold, son of Godwin,  
The prince of all the land,  
Still stands he by his standard,  
With his lifted axe in hand ;  
And still around him gather  
A firm and faithful train,  
Round him, and Gyrth, and Leofwine,  
And Haco son of Sweyn.

## 35.

Now to your axes, Englishmen,  
Though a little band ye be;  
Keep but the field till eventide,  
And England still is free ;

Stand by the shield-wall till the sun  
Hath sunk beneath the sea,  
And one man shall chase a thousand,  
And from five a host shall flee.

## 36.

They are coming, they are coming,  
Like wolves around the fold,  
And the Bastard flames before them all,  
With the leopards wrought in gold ;  
On comes Belesme, and Mowbray,  
And Fitzhamon's arm of might,  
And Hugh the Wolf is ravening still  
Through the thickest of the fight.

## 37.

As hounds half spent, yet eager still,  
Close fast around their prey,  
So the flower of Norman knighthood pressed  
Along the thickening fray ;  
As the wearied stag with levelled horns  
Still proudly stands at bay,  
So the last hope of England stood  
Around her king that day.

## 38.

By Heaven, the day may still be ours,  
Our axes sweep on high,  
And still, as when our arms were fresh,  
The horse and his rider die ;  
The Bastard's brow still darkens,  
As his bravest charge in vain,  
And King Harold's eye still glistens  
O'er many a foeman slain.

## 39.

King Harold's eye still glistens,  
Still his cheering voice is heard,  
And still our hearts are beating high  
At every gracious word ;  
And each man swore by his father's grave,  
And the saints that rule on high,  
With the king ourselves had chosen  
To conquer or to die.

## 40.

But a fiercer wave is gathering,  
Its surges higher swell,  
And louder was the triumph note  
That echoed as it fell ;

Beneath the charge of myriad spears  
Good thanes in dust are laid,  
And so thick the hail of falling shafts,  
That we battle in the shade.

## 41.

But no English heart hath failed us ;  
What man would turn to fly,  
While we heard King Harold's war-shout,  
While we marked his flashing eye ;  
While we saw his arm unwearied  
Still lifted up to slay,  
And beneath his feet the bravest  
Of the knights of Frankland lay ?

## 42.

But woe for merry England,  
And England's chosen king ;  
The arrow hurtles in the air  
With swift and deadly wing ;  
It hath lighted on the helmet  
That had turned back sword and spear,  
It hath pierc'd the eye from whose stern glance  
Their bravest shrunk in fear.

## 43.

As a brother calls for vengeance  
Where a brother bleeding lies,  
As a father mourns his only son  
Struck down before his eyes,  
As a bride weeps for her lover  
Slain on his wedding-day,  
So the strong heart of England throbbed,  
Where good King Harold lay.

## 44.

They are howling o'er the fallen,  
Like wolves around their prey ;  
They are shouting for the victory  
Of Senlac's bloody fray ;  
They are boasting of the goodly homes  
Which the spoiler soon shall own,  
And they hail the Norman Bastard  
The heir of Cerdic's throne.

## 45.

From morn till eve had axe and spear  
Right manfully been plied,  
And few were by the standard,  
When good King Harold died ;

And fewer still, when Senlac's plain  
Was shrouded o'er by night,  
With one deep groan for our captive land,  
We turned us from the fight.

## 46.

They have conquered, they have conquered,  
Let them boast them as they may,  
How their lying craft hath won the palm  
In Senlac's bloody fray ;  
But not a single captive  
Was the prize of that fierce strife,  
Still did the war-axe rise and fall,  
While an English arm had life.

## 47.

We have conquered, we have conquered,  
Though not on tented plain,  
And the laws and tongue of Alfred  
We have won them back again.  
The boasted might of Normandy  
For aye is laid at rest,  
But the name of Saxon freedom  
Still warms each faithful breast.

## 48.

And when strangers throng her palaces,  
Let England's heart recall  
How Godwin chased the stranger  
From good King Edward's hall ;  
And when we march to battle,  
Let England's gleemen tell  
How for her right and freedom  
The sons of Godwin fell.

E. A. F.

## THE FIELD OF HASTINGS.

1.

RAISE high the song of triumph  
For the noble and the brave,  
Who to guard their home and country  
Have found a bloody grave,  
Where the ghastly heaps of slaughtered men  
Are thickly piled around,  
To hallow Freedom's altar  
On the red and gory ground.

2.

Shout for all the mighty heroes,  
Shout for every deathless name,  
All that lived and died unconquered,  
Since the curse of bloodshed came,—  
Who placed before the hearths they loved  
Their bodies for a shield,  
And watered with a living stream  
The tented battle field.

## 3.

Raise high the song of triumph  
For the glorious names of old,  
Where'er a tale of tyranny  
And burning wrong is told ;—  
In North or South or East or West,  
In cold or torrid clime,  
Shall the valiant acts of heroes  
Be the heritage of time.

## 4.

Still on the plains of Marathon  
The shouts of battle peal,  
And seems the earth beneath the shock  
Of struggling hosts to reel ;  
And in the undying memory  
Of the dauntless and the free  
Platæa lives and Salamis  
And dread Thermopylæ.

## 5.

And her children's blood hath hallowed  
The sunny fields of Spain,  
Where once the Paynim triumphed  
On Xeres' fatal plain,

And hopeful yet the Christian strove  
Full many a weary day,  
Until before the gleaming Cross  
The Crescent waned away.

## 6.

But louder be the kindling strain  
For England's holier dead,  
Who for her weal and freedom  
On the battle field have bled;  
Though mid the countless slaughter  
Ere they sunk upon the plain,  
For the holy cause of England  
Fell the battle-axe in vain.

## 7.

The shades of evening slowly crept  
Through Waltham's holy pile,  
And fainter stole the paling light  
Throughout each darkening aisle ;  
And dimly from the altar beamed  
The taper's flickering ray,  
As silently the brethren came  
Before the shrine to pray.

## 8.

There, as the waning light of day  
Through gathering darkness steals,  
With clasp'd hands and bended head  
King Harold lowly kneels ;  
For he goeth forth to battle,  
And he meekly bows in prayer  
That his heart be made more holy,  
And his hand be strengthened there.

## 9.

“ God shield thee, good King Harold,—  
When thou speedest to the fight,  
May He that reigns for ever  
Look down and guard thy right.”  
Thus for the weal of England  
By all the prayer was raised,  
As stedfastly on Harold  
And on the Rood they gazed.

## 10.

King Harold riseth from his knees,—  
What means yon fearful sign ?  
The Holy Rood is quivering  
With the Saviour's form divine.

Ev'n as he rose, that awful head  
A moment o'er him bent ; —  
God send it be not now for woe  
That token dread is sent.

## 11.

King Harold passeth sadly forth,  
For o'er his wildered soul  
The whelming streams of dizzy thoughts  
In maddening eddies roll :  
One moment more, and then he passed  
From Waltham's holy gates,  
To fight for England on the plain  
Where the Norman robber waits.

## 12.

But soon his eye grew bright again, —  
With hope his heart beat high ;  
“ God aid me in the struggle,  
As on Him I will rely.  
Arm for the strife, brave English hearts,  
Defend your fathers' laws ;  
And when we meet the Norman hosts,  
God prosper England's cause.”

## 13.

It was the eve of battle:  
Faint sighed the breezes still,  
Where England's royal banner  
Was waving on the hill;  
But not a breath did stir the plain,  
Where, ranged in proud array  
For the morrow's work of carnage,  
The hosts of the Bastard lay.

## 14.

And solemnly commingling  
Through the watches of the night  
Rose the clash of swords and lances  
And the warnings for the fight.  
And the hymn from out the Norman camp,—  
The Saxon's careless strain,—  
As fitfully they rose,—awaked  
Strange echoes o'er the plain.

## 15.

It is the morn:—the sunbeams rest  
Upon the battle field,  
And its rays are glancing gaily  
On spear and helm and shield,

As the serried ranks are hurrying  
To form their grim array  
Ere the trumpet's blast shall call them  
To the wild and bloody fray.

## 16.

Full oft throughout the Norman lines  
Duke William rode apace,  
With haughty brow and fiery eye  
And mien of kingly grace : —  
The glance that lit the Bastard's eye  
Was as the serpent's glare ;  
His brow with dark and crafty wile  
Was wrinkled as with care.

## 17.

King Harold cheered his Englishmen  
With clear unfurrowed brow ;  
And ne'er before his keen blue eye  
Had beamed so bright as now.  
And, shading off his sunny brow,  
Flowed down his locks of gold ; —  
They might deem him sprung of a nobler race  
Than the men of mortal mould.

## 18.

And loud and clear in every ear  
King Harold's voice was heard ;  
And with a deep and solemn thrill  
Forthwith each heart was stirred.  
  
Then rose from all the prayer to Heaven  
For strength against the foe,  
And the vow to strike for England,  
So bide them weal or woe.

## 19.

Then burst the war-cries loud and fierce  
Mid clash of spear and shield ;  
And shouts were mingled fearfully  
Through all the battle field.  
  
And thicker, stormier, grew the fray,  
And madder yet the roar,  
As the waves are lashed in fury  
On the hollow sounding shore.

## 20.

“ On, Normans, Holy Church ! ”—the shout  
Was wildly borne on high;  
And louder, clearer, “ Holy Rood  
For England ” was the cry.

“ Ha Rou ! Ha Rou !” more furious yet  
The din of battle grew ;  
The sunbeams o'er that deadly fight  
A ghastly splendour threw.

## 21.

And far and near o'er the serried ranks  
King Harold's form rose high ;  
And far and near o'er all the din  
Rose Harold's battle-cry.  
And thick they fell, where'er his hand  
Dealt fast each deadly blow ;  
Where shore his axe, through helm and mail  
All cloven sunk the foe.

## 22.

“ On, Holy Rood !” — brave English hearts,  
Remember Stanford plain :—  
God send the Norman fight, as there  
Hardrada fought in vain.  
Still from the sweep of Harold's arm  
The foemen shrink dismayed,  
As though his mighty battle-axe  
By no mortal hand were swayed.

## 23.

And till the fight raged thickest,  
From the first grey streak of morn  
There stood two brethren watching  
By a lonely clump of thorn.  
Their hands were clasped upon their breasts ;  
Their eyes were strained to see  
How sped King Harold in the fight,  
And what the end might be.

## 24.

And ever waxed the cries more fierce,  
And stormier grew the fray,—  
“ God shield thee, royal Harold,  
And thou shalt win the day.”  
And ever in the deepest mass  
King Harold’s form was seen,  
With his deadly gleaming battle-axe  
And armour’s glittering sheen.

## 25.

“ Ha Rou ! Ha Rou !”—ye craven souls,  
Ha ! flee ye from the fight,  
And glances now the Saxon spear  
Too dazzling for your sight ?

“On, Holy Rood!”—the Normans flee,  
The English follow fast;  
And winged with death is every stroke,  
Like the fiery desert blast.

## 26.

“Ha Rou! Ha Rou!”—the lie hath won,—  
The combat deadlier grows:  
And locked in the death grapple  
The writhing foemen close.  
Thicker and faster thicker yet  
The Norman warriors throng,—  
And thegns and eorls are whelmed apace,  
As the battle sweeps along.

## 27.

“Ha Rou! Ha Rou!”—the shaft hath told,  
King Harold reels and falls:  
Yet once again “On, Holy Rood,  
For England” loud he calls:  
Then dizzily before his eyes  
The thick death shadows swim,  
And fainter sounds the battle’s roar,  
The lances flash more dim.

## 28.

Then high was heaped the slaughter,  
And the carnage clogged the field;  
And stalwart thegns lay gashed and elest,  
Who would not flee nor yield.  
And their hands still grasped their axes,  
And the foemen slain around  
Showed how was nerved the English arm  
That fought for English grounnd.

## 29.

Then rode the Norman chivalry,  
All o'er the battle plain,—  
Odo, false Bishop,—brave D'Anmale,  
Fitz Osborne,—De Mortain.  
And there in guise of thankfulness  
The glad Te Deum rose,  
That the perjured were the conquered,  
And the Church had crushed her foes.

## 30.

The shades of evening closed apace  
Upon that ghastly scene;  
And all the plain was steeped with blood  
That was yesterday so green.

And gladder yet the conqueror's hymn  
Rung out at the close of day,  
For the Norman was the victor,  
And in death the Saxon lay.

## 31.

With hooded form and faltering step  
The brethren sadly came,  
To seek throughout the cumbered field  
The brave of Saxon name,  
And bear King Harold's corse away  
From off the battle plain,  
Where it lay amid the countless heaps  
Of the dying and the slain.

## 32.

And there midst all the carnage  
They found a maiden fair,  
As groping mid the slaughtered  
She sought for Harold there.  
But her slender hands availed not  
To move them as they lay,  
Where, with foemen piled above them,  
Their souls had passed away.

## 33.

There slept Earl Godwin's kingly sons,  
Brave Leofwine glad and gay,  
And the smile still rested on his lips  
Where cold and stiff he lay.  
And there was Gyrth, the good and brave,  
With gashed and gory brow ;  
He hath won the crown unfading,  
And his toil is ended now.

## 34.

And where Hengist's phantom banner  
Had wooed the morning air,  
Full many a stalwart thegn of Kent  
Lay stark and stiffened there.  
And 'neath the conquering gonfanon  
Slept Haco dark and stern,  
And with a fierce unwonted light  
Still seemed his eye to burn.

## 35.

And well they deemed the king was near,  
Who saw young Haco's form,  
For both would aye together brave  
The fury of the storm.

And all beneath the mangled heaps  
More cleft and gashed than all,  
They found a noble warrior slain  
With goodly form and tall.

## 36.

O then a wild and piercing shriek  
Burst from that maiden fair;  
She knew King Harold, as he lay  
So gashed and cloven there.  
None other eyes but those of love  
Could know that ghastly head,  
Amid the bloody corses  
Of the foemen round him spread.

## 37.

The sun rose on his glory,  
The morn beheld his pride,  
The evening saw the mangled heaps  
Where Earl Godwin's son had died.  
And they who sought him mid the slain  
The Bastard's boon did crave,  
That they to England's chosen king  
Might give a hallowed grave.

## 38.

O Senlac, on thy crimsoned field  
No star of freedom set ;  
From out the blood upon thee poured  
The Saxon conquers yet.  
Nor, mid the fearful carnage  
That dyed thy purple plain,  
For the holy cause of England  
Smote the battle-axe in vain.

## 39.

From the blood of slaughtered heroes  
There hath sprung a goodly tree,  
And its branches cast their shadows  
On the island of the free.  
For North and South and East and West,  
By every distant shore,  
Is deemed most free the sea-girt land  
Where Harold ruled of yore.

## 40.

O rest thee, royal Harold,  
With the glory of thy fame,  
That shineth with a hallowed light  
For ever on thy name.

And, be they in their native land  
Or far beyond the sea,  
Right dear to all true English hearts  
Thy memory still shall be.

## 41.

Raise high the song of triumph  
For our fathers' deeds of old,  
Whene'er the tale of Harold  
    And of Sanguelac is told ;  
And think on all the noble hearts  
    Who valiantly did wield  
The English spear and battle-axe  
    On Hastings' bloody field.

## 42.

In time of weal or woe, where'er  
    An English pulse shall beat,  
Shall Harold's deeds for English ears  
    Still make a music sweet ;  
And none shall deem that in the fight  
    On Senlac's crimsoned plain  
For the holy cause of England  
    Hath Harold died in vain.

## KING HAROLD'S FUNERAL.

τίς οὐκ ἀν τῶν μεταγενεστέρων ζηλώσαι τὴν ἀρετὴν τῶν ἀνδρῶν,  
οἵτινες τῷ μεγέθει τῆς περιστάσεως κατεσχημένοι τοῖς μὲν σώμασι κατε-  
πονήθησαν, ταῖς δὲ ψυχαῖς οὐχ ἡττήθησαν; τοιγαροῦν οὗτοι μόνοι τῶν  
μνημονευομένων κρατηθέντες ἐνδοξότεροι γεγόνασι τῶν ἄλλων τὰς καλ-  
λίστας νίκας ἀπενηγμένων.—Diod. Sic. xi. 11.

## 1.

DUKE WILLIAM feasted in his tent,  
    His captains all around ;  
And sounds of gladsome melody  
    Through all his camp resound :  
A thousand fires are flashing high  
    O'er Senlac's battle-plain,  
And England heard the victor shout  
    That told her hero slain.

## 2.

O sad the sight that bloody night  
    Beneath her bosom veiled,  
When as the Saxon battle-axe  
    Before the stranger failed :

And on the plain were bleeding  
The noblest of our land,  
And stark in death King Harold lay,  
Amid that ghastly band.

## 3.

Then came two priests across the plain  
To William's royal tent,  
And as they passed the threshold,  
Their knee they humbly bent ;  
The knights and nobles of his train  
Looked stern with wrathful eyes,  
But feared to harm that hallowed garb,  
And William bade them rise.

## 4.

“ Stand up,” said he, “ ye men of God,  
I do not war with you ;  
Ne'er 'gainst the ministers of peace  
True knight his falchion drew :  
But tell us wherefore are ye come  
Among our warrior train,  
For whatsoc'er may be your prayer,  
Ye shall not ask in vain.”

## 5.

Then rose the brothers from their knees,  
And deep each bosom sighed,  
To see amid their own dear land  
The foeman's conquering pride :  
Then out spake Ailric to the Duke,  
“ We come from Waltham tower,  
To crave the body of the chief  
Who fell in yonder stour.

## 6.

“ For know it was King Harold  
Who built Waltham’s minster fair,  
And bade us, whensoc’er he died,  
To lay his body there ;  
Wherfore our founder’s corpse we crave,  
In his own church to lay,  
That we may for his soul and thine  
Our daily masses say.”

## 7.

Duke William’s brow was bent in thought ;  
Then, like a noble foc,  
He bade them, when the day should dawn,  
Through Senlac’s field to go,

And seek for noble Harold,  
And bear him to the grave,  
With all the rites that fit a king  
And knight in battle brave.

## 8.

All night upon that bloody plain  
Those brethren knelt in prayer ;  
And oft they heard the dying groan  
Of men who perished there ;  
And oftentimes burst upon their ear  
The Normans' victor cry ;  
And watch-fires showed the hallowed flag  
In triumph waving high.

## 9.

As soon as night had passed away,  
They traversed all the plain,  
To seek for Harold's bloody corpse  
Amid the heaps of slain :  
They saw brave knights and men-at-arms  
Lie cold upon the ground,  
Where'er the Northern battle-axe  
Had dealt its ghastly wound.

## 10.

They saw stout thanes, whose dying hands  
Still grasped its mighty haft,  
Each with his manly bosom pierc'd  
With many a deadly shaft ;  
None lay as slain in coward flight,  
For all were valiant there,  
And fixed eyes on their foemen seemed  
To cast a haughty stare.

## 11.

But where was Britain's mightiest lord  
Those princely thanes among ?  
Where was the stoutest arm that e'er  
The axe of Wessex swung ?  
So gashed was every face with wounds,  
The brothers could not tell  
The monarch's form among the chiefs  
Who round about him fell.

## 12.

Then sought they for fair Editha  
King Harold's corpse to find,  
Fair Edith of the Swan's Neck,  
That dame of loving mind.

They found the lady in her bower,  
All mournful and alone,  
To think of captive England's tears,  
And Harold's dying groan.

## 13.

She came, all veiled her lovely form  
In mourner's sable guise,  
All streaming were her golden locks,  
And dimmed her bright blue eyes ;  
Yet came she forth without a tear,  
They would no longer flow,  
And speechless were her quivering lips,  
So bitter was her woe.

## 14.

She gazed around upon the dead,  
And quickly spied the crest  
Decked with a ribbon she had torn  
From off her own fair breast ;  
She knew the belt her hands had wrought,  
She knew his pennoned spear,  
And though all gashed was every limb,  
She knew his face so dear.

## 15.

One kiss upon his death-cold lips  
The lovely Edith pressed,  
Then o'er his bloody limbs she threw  
Her own sad mourning vest ;  
And bade them bear the corpse away  
To Waltham's minster fair,  
And grace the monarch's funeral  
With mass and dirge and prayer.

## 16.

They laid him in a royal tomb,  
And oft the mass did say,  
And oft the lady Editha  
Came there to weep and pray :  
And stretched upon her dying bed,  
It was her latest prayer,  
With Harold, her own king and love,  
Her tomb and dirge to share.

E. A. F.

## WALTHEOF AT YORK.

χρυσήλατον γάρ ἄνδρα, τευχῆστην ἰδεῖν,  
 ἄγει γυνή τις σωφρόνως ἡγουμένη.  
 Δίκη δ' ἀρ' εἶναι φησιν, ὡς τὰ γράμματα  
 λέγει, ΚΑΤΑΞΩ Τ' ΑΝΔΡΑ ΤΟΝΔΕ, ΚΑΙ ΠΟΛΙΝ  
 ΕΞΕΙ ΠΑΤΡΩΙΑΝ, ΔΩΜΑΤΩΝ Τ' ΕΠΙΣΤΡΟΦΑΣ.

Æsch. *Sept. c. Theb.* 641.

## 1.

“ GOOD news, good news for England,  
 The promised help is nigh ;  
 I saw this day o'er Humber's flood  
 The Danish Raven fly.  
 King Sweyn hath sent to rescue us  
 A goodly host and brave,  
 And Northern Jarls have bridled well  
 The horses of the wave.  
 The tall masts waved full gallantly,  
 Like a forest on the sea,  
 And the decks were thick with mighty men,  
 All armed to set us free.

So near the land I saw them,  
That while the tale I tell,  
I ween the host on England's coast  
Hath landed safe and well.  
  
Haste to the shore, King Edgar,  
Earl Waltheof, haste amain,  
To welcome Denmark's brother kings,  
With all their warrior train.  
  
King Sweyn hath sent his brother dear  
To battle for the right,  
And he hath sent his princely sons  
To follow him in fight.  
  
Our men are flocking to the strand  
From hamlet and from tower,  
And England's voice is raised on high  
To greet the Northman's power.  
  
Haste to the shore, King Edgar,  
And send thy bodes amain,  
To bid the faithful men of York  
Await thy royal train.  
  
The citizens are up in arms,  
And, round the castle wall,  
They cry aloud for England's king  
To rend the stranger's thrall.

Sir William in the castle hears,  
And trembles every hour,  
As the shout of freedom louder swells  
Around his leaguered tower.  
Let Danish jarl and Saxon thane  
To battle follow thee;  
March straight upon the city,  
And Northumberland is free.  
The Bastard still in Winchester  
A little space may reign,  
But York hath owned her lawful lord,  
Of the old and kingly strain."

## 2.

Sir William Mallet on the walls  
Was pacing to and fro,  
And he heard the shouts that echoed wide  
Through all the streets below.  
Long time in vain, o'er hill and plain,  
He had stretched his weary eyne,  
If ever in the distant sky  
The golden leopards shine.  
He sees afar the rising dust,  
He hears a trumpet peal;  
Three horsemen hasten to the town;  
Come they for woe or weal?

He gazes hard ; among them all  
    No token can he spy,  
Nor shield nor pennon bears the signs  
    Of Norman blazonry.  
All wearied are the riders,  
    All wearied are their steeds,  
All tarnished is the horses' gear,  
    And soiled the horsemen's weeds.  
All crushed and torn the housings were  
    Those gallant horses wore,  
And their flanks were wet with foam and sweat,  
    And smeared with dust and gore.  
Ye may hear them gasp for life and death,  
    As along the road they tear,  
Ye may mark the strain of each bounding limb,  
    And the starting eye-balls, glare.  
The warders throng the castle towers,  
    The townsmen throng the wall ;  
They have come within a bow-shot,  
    Ye may hear the foremost call.  
Is it the speech of Normandy ?  
    They stopped their breath to hear :  
“ For England and for Edgar ”  
    Re-echoed loud and clear.  
The townsmen cheer ; the warders scowl ;  
    Each archer bends his bow,

And their cloth-yard shafts are falling fast,  
Like flakes of thickest snow.

'Tis the last struggle ; horse and man  
Are straining every limb :  
But mark the foremost charger—  
The goal is not for him.

His legs are tottering under him,  
He sinks upon the plain,  
His lord is crushed beneath his fall,  
And ne'er shall rise again.  
The second presses onward,  
He hath all but grasped the prize ;  
But a Norman shaft hath pierced his throat ;  
By the open gate he lies.

The third, the last — his spurs strike deep—  
Saw ye ever such a bound ?  
Six arrows bristle on his shield,  
But himself is safe and sound.

## 3.

He hath entered by the open gate ;  
The townsmen round him crowd ;  
His eyes are dim, his cheek is pale,  
But his voice speaks clear and loud ;

He is weary, faint, and hungry,  
But he seeks nor food nor rest,  
Till he hath told his tale of joy,  
And wrought his king's behest.

“ Good news, good news, for England,  
The promised help is nigh,  
Soon shall ye see beneath your walls  
The Danish Raven fly.

The Northern chiefs are landed ;  
They have joined King Edgar's band ;  
They are marching on the city,  
With the noblest of our land.

Three hours' brief space will bring them here,  
Keep ye the walls till then ;  
Stand ready for the hour of fight,  
And, when it comes, be men.”

## 4.

Now soon from gate and rampart  
The burghers mark with glee  
The marching of the mighty host,  
All armed to set them free.  
They see the royal banners wave,  
Begirt with axe and spear,

The Raven floating in the van,  
And the Dragon in the rear.  
First in their ranks the Northmen march,  
Ranged close in firm array,  
An axe on every shoulder,  
Sharp whetted for the fray.  
Five mighty jarls have marshalled them,  
And on the right-hand wing,  
Fast marches Osbiorn the brave,  
The brother of their king.  
On his left his gallant nephews  
Lead forth their eager train ;  
There is Harold bold and good Canute,  
The sons of royal Sweyn :  
And, pressing fast behind them,  
A glorious sight they see,  
Where the standard of the Saxon floats,  
As when England yet was free.  
There slowly rides, encompassed well  
With many a faithful thane,  
King Edgar, son of Edward,  
Of the old and kingly strain.  
His youthful limbs were slender,  
But his port was stern and high,  
And men saw the blood of Woden rise,  
When they marked his kindling eye.

The might of all Northumberland

Is marshalled at his side,

And loyal churls and belted earls

Haste on with eager stride.

There is Merlswine and Cospatric,

And, high o'er the highest there,

Stand forth the sons of Siward,

The children of the Bear.

There is Biorn with the eagle eye,

With his lifted axe in hand ;

There Waltheof stalks, the tallest man

Of all that lofty band.

Like a cliff beside the northern wave,

Like a minster's highest tower,

His giant form is seen afar

O'er all King Edgar's power.

Since Harold died on Senlac's field,

Whose might shall rival thine,

Earl Waltheof, son of Siward,

Of the old Berserker line ?

5.

Sir William Mallet from his tower

Beheld the host draw near,

And the heart that faced King Harold's axe  
Now sank aghast with fear.  
Forlorn he paces too and fro,  
As the trumpets louder peal,  
And the tramp of serried ranks resounds  
From the glittering lines of steel.  
The burghers fill the streets in arms,  
Their shouts are loud and long,  
Their axes on the castle gates  
Are thundering fast and strong.  
Without, the hum of warfare breaks,  
Like waves on a pebbly shore ;  
Within, the people's voice peaks high,  
Like the tempest's fitful roar.  
Sir William mused right doubtfully —  
“ Shall we rest within the wall ?  
But three days' siege, and these weak towers  
Before the rebels fall.  
Shall we sally forth to battle ?  
The townsmen sure will fly,  
But ere we reach the city gates,  
The Danish host is nigh.  
O would that in my native land  
I yet had deigned to rest,  
Or still in good King Edward's hall  
Might dwell a peaceful guest ! ”

He mused and sighed ; and all his band  
Looked wistfully around,  
As thundering at the city gates  
They heard the trumpet's sound.  
And many a doughty Frank, I ween,  
That knightly baldric wore,  
That day would fain by banks of Seine  
Have fed his kine once more.

## 6.

But hark, another sound is heard  
High o'er the shouts of war,  
And a fiercer light than gleaming arms  
Is flashing back from far.  
No more they dare the gates to guard,  
They shrink to meet their foe ;  
On the castle's highest towers they stand,  
And each man hurls a fiery brand  
On the straw-thatched roofs below.  
Ne'er lay the mist upon the hills  
Like the smoke that rose on high ;  
Ne'er tempest howled like the roaring flames  
That curled through all the sky.  
The ruddy fires are leaping  
O'er roof, and tower, and wall ;

Ye may hear the crackling rafters,  
Ye may see the houses fall.  
Mid the hail of falling arrows,  
Mid the blaze of fiercest fires,  
Mid the wail of trembling women,  
And the groans of hoary sires ;  
With the ground all black beneath their feet,  
And the heavens all red with flame,  
To the city of their fathers  
The sons of Siward came.

## 7.

Then out and spake Earl Waltheof:  
“ To the castle-gates we go :  
Let the burghers haste to quench the flames,  
And the soldiers charge the foe.  
Storm thou the gate, Jarl Osbiorn,  
My brother at thy side ;  
Canute and Harold, follow next,  
With all the Northmen’s pride.  
And if they sally in despair,  
As I deem full well they may,  
Part then your ranks to left and right,  
And as they pass for strife or flight,  
Then on to smite and slay.

Myself will crouch in ambush,  
And the foe that first draws nigh  
Shall know full well if Siward's sons  
Have shamed their lineage high."

## 8.

The castle-gates are opened wide ;  
'Tis a goodly sight to see  
Some rushing forth to combat,  
Some rushing forth to flee.  
Firm stand the ranks on either side,  
As those troubled bands sweep by ;  
The axes rise, the axes fall,  
To loiter is to die.  
Then, as these were pressing forwards,  
As these were turning back,  
As their bravest hearts their lances couched,  
To dare one last attack,  
Where the weak are fastest flying,  
Where the valiant fiercest close,  
Came a louder shout of " Holy Rood,"  
And an axe that deadlier rose.  
As the lion from his covert springs,  
When the roebuck passes by ;

As the eagle on the bounding kid  
Sweeps from the cloudless sky ;  
As the torrent rushes o'er the fields,  
When its dam is torn away ;  
As the thunder-flash from the blackened heaven  
Leaps forth with lurid ray ;  
As Woden's self for slaughter  
Uprears his sword of flame,  
Full on the quaking Normans  
The might of Waltheof came.  
Hurrah for the old Berserker charge,  
That hath laid the stranger low ;  
Hurrah for the Northern battle-axe,  
That hath cleft through lance and bow.

## 9.

They are flying, they are flying ;  
Through the burning streets they pour ;  
The bulwarks of their good stronghold  
May guard them now no more.  
The knights of France are flying  
From England's yeomen true,  
And the Northman's glance hath scared away  
The renegades of Rou.

Upon them, Jarls of Denmark,  
For the oaths that ye have sworn ;  
Upon them, Thanes of England,  
For the griefs that ye have borne ;  
For the lands your foes have plundered,  
For the hearths where spoilers reign,  
For the daughters they have ravished,  
And the sons that they have slain :  
For all the wrongs of England,  
Lift up the axe and slay,  
'Tis the wergild of King Harold  
They are paying back to-day.

## 10.

And now King Edgar reigns in York,  
Where spoilers dwell no more ;  
And he bears the sceptre of the realm  
That erst his fathers bore.  
From Humber to the Scottish march  
The English land is free,  
Nor doth she Frankish trumpet hear,  
Nor Frankish banner see.  
The Bastard quakes in Winchester,  
Upon his blood-stained throne,

When he hears that England's trueborn princee  
His own again hath won.  
'Twas good to see the Saxon king,  
In all his pomp and pride,  
As he held his erowning festival  
At holy Christmas-tide.  
All in Saint Peter's minster fair  
A royal throne is set,  
And Danish jarl and Saxon thane  
Around its steps are met.  
King Edgar stood before them all,  
And they reared him on a shield,  
And hailed him King of Englishmen  
In court and battle-field.  
He swore to rule and guard his realm  
As his fathers did of old,  
And all the dooms of King Canute  
Right faithfully to hold.  
They put the crown upon his brow,  
The sceptre in his hand ;  
And he sat before his people,  
The princee of all the land.  
His loyal churls and belted earls  
Are gathered at his side,

The men whose axes smote to earth  
The Norman's boasted pride ;  
And, high above the highest,  
And nearest to the king,  
The might of Waltheof foremost stood  
Of all that glittering ring.  
He stood beside a crownëd king  
With orb and sceptre dight,  
A king for whom his own right hand  
Had won his princely right.  
A freeborn people joyously  
Around their monarch throng,  
A people whom his lifted axe  
Had saved from sternest wrong.  
Then rich was Waltheof's glory,  
And priceless his renown ;  
But yet upon Saint Giles's hill  
He won a brighter crown,  
When they reared the lofty scaffold,  
And the steel was lifted high,  
And for England's right and freedom  
He knelt him down to die.



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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### ALARIC AT ROME.

THE subject of the following piece will be found in the 31st chapter of Gibbon, from which the story is taken without alteration.

#### 1.

THERE is weeping in the city,  
There is shouting at the gate,  
The hill-tops seven rock to and fro  
Before their coming fate ;  
What hand can paint the triumph,  
What tongue the woe can tell,  
When 'neath the Northman's conquering sword  
The Eternal City fell ?

#### 2.

She heard the trumpet at her gates  
Peal forth its voice of fear,  
And she trembled as she trembled not  
When Porsena drew near ;

The rock that frowned in maiden strength,  
When the Gaul lay spread below,  
Now lowly bends its hoary head  
To greet a mightier foe.

## 3.

The wall that mocked the Samnite's pride,  
And the might of eastern thrones,  
Whence Hannibal had turned away,  
Its fated master owns.  
Unscathed by homebred traitor,  
Unspoiled by foreign lord,  
The trophies of twelve ages  
Lay beneath the Gothic sword.

## 4.

And yet she had a guardian once,  
The Northman's worthy foe,  
And the Goth himself hath felt the might  
Of dauntless Stilicho.  
But he who won Pollentia's field  
A traitor's death must die;  
And who shall guard the Cæsar's throne,  
When Alaric draws nigh ?

## 5.

No guard he needs ; far, far away  
Within Ravenna's towers,  
Where foeman's foot may never tread,  
He wiles away the hours.  
Enough of fame on battle-fields  
A hundred kings have won,  
And a father's laurels claim no more  
From Theodosius' son.

## 6.

There let him sleep ; while on his realm  
The bolt of judgment falls,  
While on the stricken Babylon  
A world for vengeance calls.  
The good right hand that guarded him  
Himself hath lopped away ;  
And the Goth may glut his fiercest wrath,  
And none shall say him nay.

## 7.

See, by the gates which heard so oft  
The laurelled coursers tread,  
A thousand ghosts are flitting round  
Of kings to slaughter led.

From the desert unto Albyn's hills,  
From Ind to Ocean's foam,  
They gather fast, a grisly band,  
To howl o'er falling Rome.

## 8.

But yet another cry of blood  
Peals with a fiercer yell,  
Where Christians sat and cheered with glee,  
When the slaughtered swordsman fell ;  
Where Christian maidens and matrons sat,  
Nor turned their face away,  
When in the hungry lion's grasp  
The freeborn captive lay.

## 9.

And yet another deed of blood,  
Blood shed before your eyes,  
Blood that no gifts may ever stanch,  
For treble vengeance cries ;  
Blood of your wives and children slain  
To glut the pride of Rome—  
Strike deep, Goth, Vandal, Frank, and Hun,  
Your hour at last is come.

## 10.

'Twas midnight, and the stars above  
    Their feeble light had veiled,  
When the open gates of vanquished Rome  
    The Northern victor hailed ;  
When the queen of all the nations,  
    Herself in turn a slave,  
Crouched low to kiss his mailéd hand,  
    And stay his lifted glaive.

## 11.

On high the glaive is lifted —  
    But when captives bend to pray,  
There is mercy in the clear blue eye  
    Which in fight but sees to slay.  
Where the blood of mothers and their babes  
    At Christians' bidding ran,  
Now reigns who better knows the law  
    That speaks of love to man.

## 12.

Then out and spake King Alaric,  
    “ The man that draws the sword  
Must pay his daring with his life  
    Before his outraged lord ;

But men, I ween, in Rome are few,  
And babes I may not slay ;  
But the guilty city's plunder  
For her deeds of blood shall pay."

## 13.

Now fast through all the city  
The conquerors pour amain,  
And the torch-light gleams o'er the goodly spoils  
Of many a Consul's train ;  
They are dragging forth red gold and gems  
From many a lordly hall,  
And the Northman wraps his stalwart frame  
In the Cæsar's crimson pall.

## 14.

Through many a stately palace,  
Where late the servile chain  
Clanked o'er their fathers' freeborn limbs  
The Northern victors reign.  
From many an arch of triumph,  
Where their fathers crouch in stone,  
The laurelled Cæsar wondering looks  
Upon his master's throne.

## 15.

But far on the Quirinal  
An aged nun there dwelt,  
And day and night in fervent prayer  
Before her Lord she knelt ;  
And she prayed, whene'er the trumpet-peal  
Bespoke the spoiler nigh,  
That Heaven would guard the precious things  
That round about her lie.

## 16.

Then came a shout that echoed loud  
Throughout her lowly shrine,  
“ Bring forth the gold and silver  
That is no longer thine.  
And if aught of gems or goodly gear  
To thee or thine belong,  
But yield them freely to thy lord,  
And none shall work thee wrong.”

## 17.

She showed them straight of precious things  
A vast and wondrous hoard,  
Where gold and silver ingots,  
And costly robes were stored :

There were cups that gleamed with priceless gems,  
And plates of massive gold ;  
And the Northmen deemed such goodly ware  
Did Cæsar's banquet hold.

## 18.

Then out and spake that aged nun :  
“ Nor gold nor gems have I ;  
These are the blest Apostles' stores,  
Who reign with Christ on high.  
Ye see the holy chalice,  
Ye see the priestly pall,  
Which this lowly roof might better guard  
Than the high Anician hall.

## 19.

“ Now bear away the treasure,  
If such a deed ye dare.  
Ye know there is a God on high  
Who loveth well to spare ;  
But yet he hath his burning wrath,  
Which nor prayer nor gifts may turn,  
For them who spoil his sacred things,  
And his holy altars spurn.”

## 20.

Thus spake a woman lone and old,  
While armëd warriors heard ;  
And hearts that never quailed in fight,  
Sank at her warning word.  
Unharmed they left the treasure,  
And ran with speed to bring  
The tidings of that wondrous sight  
To Alarie the king.

## 21.

They told him of the goodly store,  
So rich and rare to see ;  
They told him of the lonely guard,  
As weak as weak might be ;  
They told him of the burning words  
That laid their spirits low,  
How a woman's voice could deeper smite  
Than the sword of Stilicho.

## 22.

Then out and spake King Alarie :  
“ From man I scorn to fly,  
But I war not with Apostles  
Who reign with Christ on high.

Bring forth the holy treasures,  
And guard them safe and well,  
To their home on the lofty Vatican,  
Where the Roman pontiffs dwell.

## 23.

“ Now doffed be every helmet  
And sheathed be every sword,  
And the lords of earth all lowly bend  
Before a mightier Lord.  
Let Goth and Roman follow  
Where the holy treasures go,  
And whoe'er that sacred threshold keeps  
Nor spoil nor harm shall know.”

## 24.

Now might ye see by the first fair beams  
Of rosy-fingered morn,  
Through the captive city’s wondering streets  
Those goodly treasures borne ;  
Ye might deem ’twas the conqueror’s triumph pomp  
As his armed bands swept by,  
And the hands that had been first in fight  
The vessels bore on high.

## 25.

But doffed is every helmet,  
And sheathed is every sword,  
And the lords of earth all lowly bend  
Before a mightier Lord :  
Never, I ween, did conquered town  
See such another throng,  
As slave and victor, side by side,  
Like brothers passed along.

## 26.

No Cæsar on his triumph car,  
When captive nations bow,  
E'er felt a throb of joy so pure  
As Alaric hath now ;  
When he spared the blest Apostles' store,  
And bare them safe and well,  
To their home on the lofty Vatican,  
Wherè the Roman pontiffs dwell.

## 27.

Then mock not at the days of old,  
When the conquering Northman came,  
On the haughty sons of lordly Rome  
To wreak our fathers' shame ;

When the chiefs that freeborn hands had crowned  
In the despot's palace dwelt,  
And freemen stood around the throne,  
Where a tyrant's slaves had knelt.

## 28.

And though many a chief of many a land  
To pity's voice hath bent,  
And the foremost in the battle-field  
Is the foremost to relent ;  
Yet who such deeds of mercy,  
Such deeds of faith, can tell,  
As when beneath the Gothic sword  
The Eternal City fell ?

E. A. F.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

THE following stanzas are no more than simple records of actual recollections, without further connection than as they chanced to arise from time to time in the writer's mind. The scenes among which the years of childhood are passed seem generally to have great influence on the feelings and forms of thought in after-life ; and the dwelling among things of old interest is known to leave a very different impression from the dull monotony which results from their absence. Of the following, some of the facts recorded took place in the Himalayas, some in the plains of India. Further detail is perhaps scarcely needed, as it is hoped the incidents will sufficiently explain themselves.

## 1.

THOUGHTS, which unbidden throng upon the mind,—  
Rays from the suns that shone in earlier years,—  
Stars, that have left their track of light behind,  
Where memory mellows all our childish fears  
And hopes and sorrows,—and from out our tears  
Draws sweetness only,—these in after-time  
The soul recalling still the echo hears  
Of mirth and gladness, like a far-off chime,  
When aye each morning brake upon a gladsome clime.

## 2.

These, as all fitfully they come and go  
And wake again past joy within the breast,  
These would I stay,—for, though I may not know  
The peace of childhood and its tranquil rest  
Again, yet oft returning as a guest  
Most welcome, while my thoughts at random stray,  
Some recollection, cherished and imprest  
Perchance with fairer hues, will softly play  
Upon the far-seen past, like twilight's doubtful ray.

## 3.

Why love I so the mountains as they rise  
With snow-capped summits, which the evening light  
Most fondly tinges with a thousand dyes?  
Why ever pass before my fancied sight  
The varied valley and the beetling height  
And foaming waters? Why so often wander  
My thoughts through scenes so joyous and so bright,  
Which to my seeming, as on them I ponder,  
In childhood's glory bathed repose so sweetly yonder?

## 4.

For scarce I deem would there my visions roam  
So oft, if 'twere not that they sought again

The glowing scenes of childhood's early home :

Ah! strange (amid the changeful joy and pain,  
Which, like the shadows sweeping o'er a plain,  
Checker our onward journey through this scene  
Of labour tempest-tossed upon the main),  
Most strange it seems to pierce the mists between  
And think what we are now and what we once have  
been.

5.

If not for us in childhood's careless day

'Mid scenes unvaried rose each morning sun,  
And one like to another passed away,  
Leaving no memory when its course was run,—  
If not all feebly was our life begun  
'Mid sights that clog and dull the torpid soul,—  
O often, ere this earthly strife be done,  
Our thoughts, a moment breaking from control,  
Will watch again the stream of childhood onward roll.

6.

Thus, as the thoughts of early hours return,

Would I record them in my fitful strain :  
For stars, that with uncertain glances burn,  
And thoughts, that scarce one moment long remain,

If of them yet a sign we would retain,  
Must, as they rise before us, each receive  
Their hasty chronicling, and thus again,  
While o'er lost hours of happiness we grieve,  
May reawakened joy our throbbing bosom heave.

## 7.

Not in the stirring hours, when hearts beat high  
With hopes of glory for the coming days,—  
Not in the rude glare of the noonday sky,  
While all are hurrying, each their several ways  
Of toil for wealth, or power, or hard won praise,—  
The things that men call real,—ere the turn  
Of wasting life bedims their luring rays,—  
Not amid human din may we discern  
The holy lights, that still, though faint, most purely burn

## 8.

In the deep distance, where the scarce seen star  
Still sheds a lingering light on childhood's home  
With lustre meek, like voices heard from far  
Calling us backward. · On the tossing foam  
Where in life's voyage wearily we roam,

The fitful flicker of that light is seen,  
Like well-known beacon from a distant dome,—  
And on the waters, as they roll between,  
Falls in one tender line of ever trembling sheen.

## 9.

So ye, who long to mingle in the strife  
And hear of mighty deeds and high emprise  
And stirring scenes with varied tumult rise,  
Follow not further. On the land that lies  
In the far distance, with empurpling dyes  
The hallowed light is resting, like the close  
Of cloudless evening: to the raptured eyes  
Even brighter yet the line of radiance grows,  
Calm as the sunny face of childhood in repose.

## 10.

And here I rest me in that pictured clime,  
Which still I love awhile to frame at will,  
Poor mirror of that joyous early time:—  
So softly sweet the well-known voices thrill;  
So sadly, yet so loved, each vale and hill

And tranquil waters rise mine eyes before,—  
All motionless, all peaceful now and still,  
Speaking so gently of the days of yore,—  
Sweet vision of the hours that may be mine no more.

## 11.

Even as I gaze, the fleeting colours change :  
One scene is past ; another comes to view,  
Even as my thoughts with transient pleasure range  
Through well-known regions. Each with joyous hue,  
Breaking the mantling mists, bursts forth anew :—  
There upward still the mountain summits soar,  
Against the golden sunset rising blue,—  
There the ribbed clouds stretch onward more and more,  
Wave heaving after wave, a sea without a shore.

## 12.

So seem they now,—those pictures calm and sweet,  
Whereon the lights of early gladness play,  
Fair spots to rest awhile the weary feet,—  
Though, further from them as I wend each day,  
Something of this their fairness fades away,

Like the faint colours of a breaking dream:

One moment yet, while back my glances stray,  
Fain would I dwell upon some passing gleam,  
Though poor in words so weak must aye the image seem.

## 13.

See, the first blush across the East is stealing,

Tinging with trembling light the slumbrous air,  
Softly the hues of early morn revealing  
In scarce seen tints most tremulous and fair,  
Ere yet they deepen into glory there ; —  
See, rising dark against the quivering light,

The mountains on their snow-capped peaks declare  
The coming splendours, as with hues more bright  
Are lifted up on high their giant crests bedight.

## 14.

The mountains rose against the morning sky :

Beneath, in darkness clad, the valleys lay :  
Nought in their boundless depths might you descrie  
Save mists all motionless and vapours grey,  
Like the calm waters of a windless bay.

And there in undisturbed repose they slept  
Beneath the mountain shadows. Far away,  
Where, through the plain beyond, its course it kept,  
One silver-gleaming line a mighty river swept.

## 15.

Ah! well I summon back that early hour  
Upon the mountain side: there long ago—  
'Twas told me—come from far with whelming power  
A conqueror rested on the plains below,  
Where yonder river's silvery waters flow,—  
Yet came no further, for their hearts grew cold  
Amidst those mighty mountains: and the foe  
Saw them no more; and still the tale is told,  
Where 'neath those craggy peaks Iskander\* camped  
of old.

## 16.

And long I looked upon that time-known stream:  
Yet thought not long upon the olden days,—  
For more I watched the waters' fitful gleam,  
And more I looked upon the dying rays  
Of the faint morning star, ere yet the blaze

\* The Eastern name for Alexander the Great.

That quenched the lustre of the orb of night,  
Should hide her last companion from my gaze ;  
And more the partridge in her startled flight,  
As whirring on it swept, I followed with my sight.

## 17.

So gazed I then in childhood's happy mood ;  
Yet never of that king I since have read,  
But straight I thought me of how then I stood  
Scarce conscious, where the morning light was shed  
On that same stream, with many a mountain head  
Upreared around me, as long years ago  
They cast their shadows on the hosts he led :  
Thus, as of him I read, I see below  
In fancied gaze again that mighty river flow.

## 18.

The voice, that told me of that olden tale  
That early morn, I ne'er shall hear again—  
The hand, that then across the misty vale  
Did guide my sight towards the distant plain,

I never more shall clasp: yet not in vain,  
I deem is cherished as a token dear  
The memory of the love that watched me then:  
And still would I the fancied echo hear,  
Though ne'er that well-loved voice shall break upon  
mine ear.

## 19.

Again I muse upon a sadder scene,  
As if once more the parting hour drew near:  
Almost I seem, though years have passed between,  
The reawakened tones of love to hear,  
The last that from that voice my childish ear  
Should e'er receive:—upon the barren sand  
By the stream side beneath the evening clear  
In silent sorrow did I clasp that hand,  
As soon to leave behind that well-loved Eastern land.

## 20.

Awhile, around, the hissing balls we heard  
At random sent from far: yet in that hour  
No thought of fear within my heart was stirred,  
And what might startle now had then no power:  
Careless I gazed upon the distant tower,

Secure as having one to guard me well ;  
Only the cloud of parting seemed to lower,  
And dim the twilight with a dreary spell,  
For even in childhood's breast may deepest sadness  
dwell.

## 21.

There, since that day, almost in that same scene,  
Has warfare revelled in its grim array,  
And there the battle and its woes have been :  
Yet muse I not upon the fiery fray :—  
My thoughts are wandering to a sadder day,  
And something of the parting words I hear :  
And yet again beneath the twilight ray,  
The tower, the stream, the lonesome banks appear,  
And evening's fitful sounds are striking on mine ear.

## 22.

For scarcely may such memories fade away,  
But force themselves upon us at their will,  
And lead us captives to their gentle sway,  
Guiding us back to many a vale and hill  
And mazy forest, well-known scenes that still

Appear to us familiar, where we strayed  
Through every dell, by every mountain rill,  
And listened to the murmuring that it made,  
As down its channeled course with joyous leap it played.

## 23.

'Mid wearying toil, in many a different scene,  
Or if perchance ambition stir the breast,  
Some wandering thought of hours that once have been,  
Some echo faint of voices now at rest  
Will lend awhile its stillness : if oppressed  
With sadness,—yet from out the treasured store  
Perchance there will arise at our behest  
Some recollection of the days of yore,  
And place our earlier self again our eyes before.

## 24.

There is a calmness we can never know,  
Save in the memories of our early years,  
Though ever further from them as we go,  
More dim their image through the mist appears ;  
Still over all our joys or hopes or fears,

Our passing sorrows and our gladsome days,  
Is shed a light harmonious, and the tears  
Of childhood seem to catch the sunset rays,  
Which ever softer seem and brighter, as we gaze.

## 25.

Image of peace, O fade not hence away :  
Still with thy blissful light my labour cheer ;  
O still attend me in my lengthening way,  
And with thy well-loved tones yet soothe mine ear,  
The echoes of the song so wondrous clear,  
That ever seem to me those years to sing  
In changeless sweetness : these whene'er I hear,  
Old scenes from out the mantling darkness spring,  
And o'er my dreaming soul their magic stillness fling.

## 26.

Oft have I looked upon the burning plain,  
As stretching out in endless space it lay,  
Striving to scan its wildering waste in vain,  
While the shades deepened at the close of day ;  
And then perchance the waning light would play

Upon some distant watch tower, or illume  
In dismal mockery with its wanton ray  
The darkness of some solitary tomb,  
Standing in dreary state as loving only gloom.

## 27.

And I have watched the massy clouds arise,  
Little by little o'er the plain, — so slow  
The awful pile uprose before mine eyes,  
Seeming in silence horrible to throw  
A deadly gloom o'er all the world below,  
Stilling all sound of living things, and tell,  
With strange and fearful signs, of coming woe,  
Laden with many a dark and baleful spell  
From the unseen abodes where the dread thunders  
dwell.

## 28.

And many a time on Gunga's sacred breast  
Have I beheld the sun's departing ray  
Gleam fondly, as he hastened to his rest,  
And heard in cadence soft the measured play  
Of oars, that fell as weary of the way

Along the sleeping waters : from the shore  
Came fitful sounds that rise at close of day,  
When the dull wearing round of toil is o'er,  
And care less anxious grows and sorrow seems less  
sore.

## 29.

O city \* fair of palaces and shrines,  
Still softly mirrored in the waters clear,  
As I have watched it, thy loved image shines ;  
City of temples, we are wont to hear  
Tales of thy fame in many a bygone year,  
And in this home of thy primæval race  
The relics of thine olden pride appear ;  
I know thee only as my native place,  
And still from time to time thine image love to trace,

## 30.

And watch thy minarets so bright and tall  
Reflected in the tranquil stream below,  
And the light boats with slumbrous motion fall  
Dreamily down the waters, and the glow  
Of evening tinge the waves that to and fro

\* Benares.

Move scarce a moment long, and on the sand,  
While the sun's rays their parting glory throw,  
See the dark vultures feast in noisome band,  
And the crane keep afar her solitary stand.

## 31.

Visions of peace, O fade not hence away ;  
Ye scarce can fade, while fondly yet we turn  
In the dull labour of our later day  
To that bright budding time, and there discern  
The clearer light, which evermore will burn  
Seeming the purer, the more vexed we grow  
With the world's hardness : there we yet may learn  
A softer peace, a holier joy to know,  
Than busy toil may give or praise or fame bestow.

## 32.

Melt not away, thou mirror bright and clear :  
And chide not ye, whose hearts are full of care  
For the world's business, that to me more dear  
Are thoughts of childhood, and the memories fair  
Of friends departed. Were 't not well to spare

A few brief moments yet again to wander  
In thought 'mid flowering trees whose branches bear  
All golden fruits, and with old joy to ponder  
On fancied scenes of bliss that still seem blooming  
yonder?

## 33.

So pass we meekly onwards. Well I deem,  
Thoughts such as these are solace sweet and dear ;  
Yet life may not be made a waking dream,  
Nor may we alway list with spell-bound ear  
To the low harmonies, which soft and clear  
Play round the home of childhood : we must wend,  
Each on our journey, knowing not how near  
May be the goal, yet knowing, if we bend  
To God's will, we shall rest from labour in the end.

## 34.

And if to any such like thoughts may seem  
Familiar nor distasteful,—then of me  
No more as of a stranger let him deem :  
For he hath seen the things that I would see,  
And with my thoughts held converse long and free.

And let him think, that we are not alone,  
Whate'er of space between us there may be ;  
My heart would fain be moving with his own,  
Linked in a secret bond of friendship, though unknown.

G. W. C.

THE END.

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# NEW WORKS

IN

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